

J. G. French

FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER



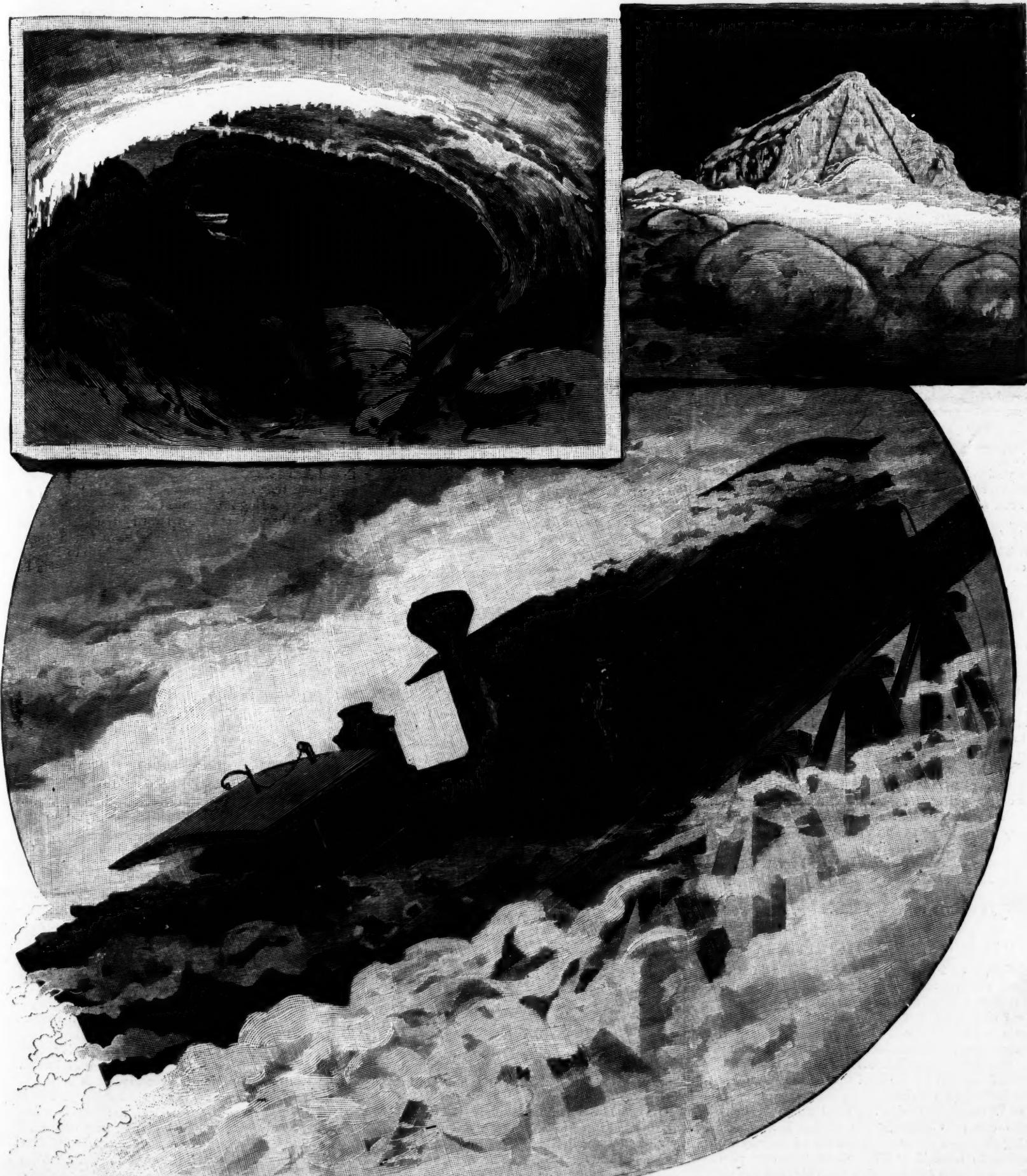
The title is set against a background of the U.S. Capitol building, with ornate scrollwork flourishes separating the main title from the word "NEWSPAPER".

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by MRS. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,611.—VOL. LXII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 7, 1886.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.



1. THE SNOW ARCH IN TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE, SCENE OF THE RECENT DISASTER. 2. THE TIP-TOP HOUSE, SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON, IN WINTER — MOUNTAIN RAILWAY TRAIN DESCENDING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—VIEWS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.
SEE PAGE 390.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1886.

IS ANARCHISM SPREADING?

A TRANSPARENT effort is being made at Chicago to elevate Anarchy to the dignity of a political science. Dynamite is to be analyzed as a form of dialectics, a process in logic, not as a mere vulgar means of assassination—or tearing the bones and muscles of a hundred human beings suddenly from their viscera and vascular system, thus incidentally involving their demise. The eight Anarchists on trial are to be foisted into advanced thinkers, for whom the world is not quite ready, but who, in the potency of their prophetic vision, perceive that the highest interests of man require a first-class funeral among the police.

As the exponents of this advanced idea, certain women who desire to be thought to be lovers of the human race indiscriminately, tender to the eight assassins every morning bouquets of particularly red flowers, these floral gifts being typical of the regret, we may assume, these women feel that a few more policemen were not killed. For if the murder of the police be essential to the progress of humanity, then the more numerous the slain the more spontaneous must be the progress.

In Chicago, the trial of the eight Anarchists is used by demagogues as a counter with which to play for the Socialist vote. The prisoner's chief counsel, Captain Black, has, we believe, been a candidate for Congress on the Socialist ticket, and knows that should he succeed on this trial, or, perhaps, in any event, he will be again before the people with an increased Socialist backing. The Socialists, by casting 12,000 votes for Dr. Schmidt, their own candidate for Mayor, seven years ago, secured the defeat of the Republican candidate, and elected Mayor Harrison. The same Dr. Schmidt for whom they then voted for Mayor is now treasurer of the "defense fund," subscribed to pay the lawyers for defending the prisoners. Parsons, now on trial as an assassin, received ten years ago 8,000 votes of the Socialists as a candidate for County Clerk of Cook County, in which lies Chicago. One Socialist State Senator and three Socialist Representatives have been elected from Chicago. The Corporation Counsel and legal adviser to the Mayor, the Attorney to the Board of Education, the Recorder of Statistics, and other minor city officers in Chicago, are reputed Socialists. The party is estimated to influence 25,000 votes. We can easily understand why it is that, thus thoroughly organized, the Anarchists are determined to make dynamite a positive factor in politics.

Meanwhile, but one of the dynamite bombs which have been found in various unsuspected places, as an incident in the pending Socialist craze, has exploded. This is fortunate for the prisoners, for it is signally important to their welfare that no more dynamite shall now explode in any quarter until the verdict of the Chicago jury shall have been rendered. It was lucky for them, also, that the dynamite bomb left under the sidewalk by the penitent witness for the prosecution was found before it exploded: lucky, also, that the dynamite bomb hidden among the crockery by a retiring Russian clerk, who had removed the sphere of his usefulness to Kansas, was found before it exploded: luckier still that the bomb found on the *Sylvan Stream* in New York Bay, and possibly intended for the Brazilian prince and for District-attorney Martine, was thrown into the water in time to prevent its explosion.

The painful question suggested by these incidents is whether the insane fury of Anarchism is not, after all, spreading, even while we are looking upon its suppression as only a matter of a few days and a few more legal forms. The real question suggested by the Anarchist trial may prove to be the very hard conundrum, "What can be done in a democratic constituency towards the punishment of a criminal who is backed by votes enough to elect a Mayor?"

American society has as yet given no authentic or authoritative answer to this question.

"FRESH AIR" FOR CHILDREN.

THE New York *Tribune's* "Fresh-air Fund" for children has become a settled "institution," and takes each Summer a more and more prominent place among our local charities. But custom does not detract from its beauty and beneficence. On the contrary, the greater the army of wan, panting children gathered up from the stifling tenement-house districts and turned loose among the green fields and by the cool waters, the more exultant the feeling with which one contemplates the scheme—the more eager his desire to contribute to its success. For who can pass through one of the hot, noisome, swarming streets of the poorer quarters of the city without saying to himself, "What these unhappy people want first and most of all is air—fresh air, and the sight of some portion of God's green earth, outside this mad-dening desert of brick and pavement." Yet many pass their whole lives there—lives shortened, saddened and debased. There are hundreds of children in the city who have never been outside the squalid, densely popu-

lated ward in which they were born. They play about the gutters and hallways, and in hot weather sleep on the roof—the tenement-house garden. Happily, the number of such children, whose knowledge of "the country" is as vague as are their ideas of heaven, is rapidly growing less. Only last week, a special train of eighteen cars brought back over a thousand "Fresh-air" children, hearty and happy from a fortnight's sojourn amongst the good farmers along the line of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad. These kind-hearted people had expressed themselves delighted with the good behavior of the children, to whom in some instances they became warmly attached. "Send us more next year!" was the invitation repeated on all sides. And no wonder, when one observes the marvelous change wrought by the two weeks' outing. The artist's contrasted pictures, elsewhere given, showing a little "Fresh-air" girl "before taking" and "after taking," are eloquent. She who left the city slums a poor, meagre, hollow-eyed, dispirited little creature, returns plump, rosy and neatly dressed, bearing the wondrous spoils of wood and meadow in her arms, and new life in her heart.

THE "ANTI-SALOON" MOVEMENT.

THE "anti-saloon" Republican movement which was started in New Jersey, and has since received the approval of Republicans in several other States, is to be formally inaugurated in a national form at a convention to be held in Chicago on the 16th of September, at which delegates are expected to be present from a majority of the Northern States. The object of the movement, as stated by its projectors, is to abridge and counteract the political influence of saloon-keepers and liquor-dealers in legislation, to consolidate public sentiment in support of existing laws for the suppression of the admitted evils of the traffic, and to place the Republican party on a platform of earnest sympathy with the work of practical temperance reform. The movement will, no doubt, operate to the prejudice of the party, temporarily, in some localities; but, if wisely directed, it must in the end give that party an enormous advantage over any organization which may antagonize its aims.

The truth is, that the decision of the question as to whether the liquor interest of the country shall be permitted to break down all the muniments of law and order cannot much longer be postponed with safety to the public interests. There is scarcely an important town or city in the whole Union in which this interest is not openly defiant of law and all the restraints of orderly government. In the Legislatures of many States it is supreme, defeating every effort to subject it to proper limitations. With unmatched insolence and audacity, it tramples down every barrier raised for the preservation of the Sabbath; disregards every law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks to habitual drunkards and minors; and even sets at naught the authority of courts and juries. Everybody knows that if any other business were conducted in such brazen contempt of law and decency, it would encounter speedy and utter extinction. Why should this pernicious traffic be treated with a leniency which no other like pursuit would command? It is high time that good citizens everywhere should assert themselves against this tremendous evil, which is every day acquiring additional power, and growing more and more aggressive. There is surely a reserve potency in an awakened public feeling equal to the task of compelling this liquor interest to obey the laws of the land; and the party which shall, with honest purpose, address itself to the work of rousing and concentrating that public opinion, and enacting measures of practical reform, will accomplish a public benefaction vastly eclipsing in importance any service which the existing parties have rendered the country since the Civil War.

THE PLIGHT OF THE TORY MINISTRY.

ORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is probably the happiest man in England this week, and the Marquis of Salisbury is perhaps the most worried and wretched. Since the era of Hop-o'-my-Thumb there has been nothing like the career of the agile and irrepressible little gentleman who, as the hope of the Orangemen and the hero of the 350,000 Knights, Dames and Harbingers of the Primrose League, fancies himself the inheritor of Beaconsfield's greatness. Chancellor of the Exchequer Lord Randolph is; leader of the dominant party in the chief arena of Parliamentary debate; licensed to strut and grimace unchecked for a brief period in the House of Commons and before the world; in short, face to face with Gladstone at last—

"His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?"

The new Parliament meets under the conditions which we indicated three weeks ago as the probable outcome of the refusal of a majority of the British electors to further Gladstone's plans for Ireland's good. The conditions are those of very unstable equilibrium—not so much the unstable equilibrium of a rocking structure that may at any moment topple and fall over, as of gunpowder or gun-cotton, or any explosive compound liable at slight provocation to blow up and go to gas. The Salisbury Ministry, which nominally is to govern in the interests of

"Religion, Constitution and Empire," contains no elements of strength or coherence. It is the unsatisfactory result of an attempt on Lord Salisbury's part to reconcile the pertinacious and bumptious demands of Churchill and his believers with the dense-headed Toryism of the country squires who can see no reason why Ireland should not be treated in 1886 precisely as she was treated in 1836 or in 1786. It is a minority Government; its existence depends solely upon the tolerant support of the Liberals and Radicals who recently parted company with Mr. Gladstone. Lord Salisbury attempted, indeed, to form a Coalition Ministry. He went so far as to offer the post of Premier to Lord Hartington in case the Unionist-Liberals would consent to a closer alliance against Gladstone and Parnell. But oil and water will not mix. Lord Salisbury not only had the humiliation of having his overtures rejected, but he is compelled to undertake the Government with the vaguest assurances of support from the Unionist-Liberals, and with the depressing knowledge that Lord Hartington is the master of Conservative fortunes, and can at any moment turn the present Ministry out of power.

Did ever a statesman take office under more discouraging circumstances? A few Unionist writers are urging the Anti-Gladstone Liberals, as distinguished from the Radicals, to support the Conservatives openly and loyally, with a view to permanent fusion. Nothing is more unlikely to happen. Here and there a Moderate Liberal, feeling that he has more in common with Salisbury than with Gladstone, may wander over into the Conservative camp, provided always that Lord Randolph Churchill doesn't scare him off. No exodus of sufficient importance to strengthen Salisbury's hands is within the range of probability. His Government is at the mercy of a small body of men who, by habit, association and principle, can stand by him only so long as his Irish policy is a no-policy. Will he return boldly to brutal and hopeless coercive measures? That would at once drive them away. Will he compete with Gladstone in bidding high for Home Rule support? That would disrupt the Conservative party, as at present constituted, with a suddenness and a thoroughness that would make the recent break in the Liberal ranks seem insignificant in comparison.

The prospects for Home Rule, on the whole, are as bright as they could possibly be with an adverse majority in the House of Commons. The defeat was not a rout. The life of the new Ministry promises to be short and full of trouble.

THE WEATHER, EAST AND WEST.

NEW YORK CITY, and the entire Atlantic coast from Fortress Monroe to Nova Scotia, have thus far enjoyed a serene and charming Summer. Those who have taken refuge by the sea have often found need of overcoats than fans. Week before last, ladies at Coney Island were wearing fur-trimmed Winter clothing. None but the most hardy ventured a bath in the surf. Business men who have remained on duty have found only three or four days unpleasantly warm, and up to last week not a case of sunstroke had been reported. Rains have been abundant, and especially in the earlier months the season was fine for hay and grass. In the intervals between these showers were days of weather so perfect as to fill every soul with delight. They have seemed to illustrate Emerson's spirited etching of a perfect Summer day—

"One of those days when God walks forth
Upon the charmed air;
The wind may blow in twenty ways,
The day will still be fair."

"If from the North, it still is warm;
The South, it still is clear;
The East, it smells like a clover-farm;
The West, no thunder fear."

On the extreme North Atlantic coast, at Newfoundland and Labrador, the coldness of the Summer has been unprecedented and disastrous. The ice has not melted, but throughout this whole region remains packed against the coast, for from ten to many scores of miles out to sea, as solidly as it usually is in Winter, effectually cutting off both the white fishermen and the native Esquimaux from their sole source of food-supply. Beyond the solid ice the icebergs and iceflocs are drifting southward in vast dimensions. The number who have already perished of hunger along this nearly inaccessible coast is variously estimated at from 1,500 to 3,500; but a much larger destruction of life seems probable or impending, as hundreds of small settlements are on the verge of starvation. Since these estimates were received, on July 19th, an Arctic snowstorm has extended over this entire region. What has been the effect of this phenomenal calamity in intensifying the distress and destitution is not yet known, and may not be for weeks, as communication with all parts of this region is precarious and slow.

Meanwhile down the central valley of the continent, from Buffalo west to St. Paul, the heat has been up to its usual Summer standard, and west of the Mississippi the electric storms have been eccentric and striking. In Dakota the thermometer has ranged at from 110° to 130°, utterly blasting the harvests and rendering human effort in their behalf next to impossible. So destructive have been the drought and storms in the wheat region, that prices in the New York Produce Exchange have responded vigorously, and a good deal of contradiction and uncertainty prevails as to the probable extent of theulti-

mate supply. Some of the great cattle-ranges in Montana and other parts of the Rocky Mountain region are suffering from the drought, which has been so much greater there than in Dakota, that a considerable movement of both cattle and sheep out of Montana into Dakota has begun. Elsewhere in many parts of the West the drought is being watched with considerable alarm.

It can scarcely be regarded as less than a freak of irony on the part of nature, when those who are engaged in actively and usefully producing the world's great food harvests in Dakota should be smitten hip and thigh by the sun as if they were so many Philistines, while the brokers in the New York Produce Exchange, who are getting rich by speculating in these values, between the producer and consumer, are fanned with breezes as soft and balmy as ever stirred the leaves in Vallombrosa's vales.

THE CASE OF EDITOR CUTTING.

THE case of Editor Cutting is not likely, after all, to prove one of very serious gravity except to himself. Since all the facts have come to light, the case appears to be this: Cutting, who publishes a newspaper on each side of the Rio Grande River, objected strongly to the establishment of a rival journal on the Mexican side. He put his objections in writing in the form of a libelous assault upon the character of the audacious Mexican who dared to deprive him of a part of his advertising patronage. The citizen of Mexico naturally objected to being libeled, even by an American; but instead of shooting the libeler, as is common in the latitude of Texas, he appealed to the Mexican courts. As a result of this very proper appeal for protection, Editor Cutting was brought before the court, and generously allowed by his adversary and the judge to depart in peace upon signing and publishing a retraction in the paper in which the original libel appeared. This was doubtless his best and only means of escape from the more serious consequences which would have followed his criminal act, had the case been sternly pushed to its legal and logical conclusion. The withdrawal of the libel was, it seems, the essential part of the conditional judgment of the Mexican court. But Cutting, it appears, was still determined to overreach his rival and prevent the loss of any of his Mexican subscribers. So he reprinted and repeated on the American side of the river the very libel which he had retracted on the Mexican side, accompanying the publication with denunciations of the court officials. Señor Medina, the projector of the Mexican newspaper, objected as strongly to being libeled in the English language as in the Spanish, especially as the El Paso paper was circulated in El Paso del Norte. He accordingly appealed again to the courts, and the judge who tried Mr. Cutting ordered his arrest on Mexican territory—whither he had defiantly returned—for contempt of court, or a violation of the stipulation upon which he had been before released from custody.

Upon this state of facts it is evident that Cutting has no case. Nor would it be wise for our State Department to press the technical point that Cutting's second offense was not committed within the jurisdiction of Mexico, because it was so committed by the circulation of his Texas newspaper in El Paso del Norte. The New York *Herald* is not printed in England, yet the British courts have just decided that that journal must pay \$25,000 for circulating an alleged libel in London.

From all that has yet appeared, it would seem that Editor Cutting has been treated quite as well as he deserves.

IRON MANUFACTURE IN THE SOUTH.

AT a time when the prices of iron and steel are abnormally low, and the iron manufacturers of Pennsylvania are hard pressed despite the especial protection given them by the tariff, this industry is thriving and increasing in the South, and attracting a large amount of Northern and European capital. In a general way the recent growth of Southern manufactures has been recognized in the North, but the rapidity with which the coal and iron of Alabama and Tennessee are being developed is one of the most significant industrial facts of the time. A beginning was made ten years since, but only within the past three or four years has the influence of Southern iron manufacturers been seriously felt in Pennsylvania. In 1879, 1880 and 1881 the prices of iron and steel were exceptionally high; but it happens that the Alabama iron industry has made its greatest strides since that time, or during a period of decline—the best assurance of its permanence. Pennsylvania, with 3,500,000 tons per annum, still holds her place at the head of the iron-producing States; but Alabama has increased her iron products 1,000 per cent. within the last ten years, and Pennsylvanians are confronted with the fact that iron from the Southern furnaces is being sold at Pittsburg for \$2 less per ton, grade for grade, than the Pennsylvania article. Considering the universal application and importance of iron and steel, the rise of this industry in the South becomes of the first consequence.

How has this been brought about? There are, first, the great natural advantages of the South which have only lately been understood. Birmingham, Ala., the "Magic City" of the South, surrounded by coal and iron mines, the commercial centre of the State, and the first iron-producing city in the South, has been fitly called "an object-lesson in industrial progress," and we are assured that everything bears the stamp of permanence. "Having, side by side, the best iron ore and the best coal, the South is able to turn out iron at a price that Pennsylvania cannot touch," is the claim of a leading Birmingham iron-worker. Coke can be manufactured at \$2.65 per ton, and the industry is attaining vast dimensions. Labor is as well paid in the South, but the especial advantage is in the cheapness of raw materials. In some places iron ore costs only \$3 a ton, against \$9.34 in some sections of Penn-

sylvania. A ton of pig-iron in the East cannot be manufactured for less than \$18, it is said, even with Hungarian imported labor. Iron is made in Birmingham for \$12 a ton, and it is estimated that it can be made for \$10. "This means," says the Southern manufacturers, "that we have an advantage of 33 per cent. over Pittsburgh, Pa., and Cleveland, O., and if this advantage is more than the cost of transportation to the iron centres of the East, the case of the furnaces of Ohio and Pennsylvania is indeed gloomy."

Here comes in another question, that of transportation. Will there be railroads enough, and will rates be low enough, to transport this iron cheaply to the consumers? The answer is that Northern capital is rapidly going into Southern railroads as well as manufacturers, and that the railroads, recognizing the identity of interests, are co-operating with the manufacturers to keep down freight charges. The South, therefore, should continue her prosperous development of the iron industry. Moreover, Bessemer steel works have recently been opened at Chattanooga, and as the South can manufacture pig-iron cheaper than Pennsylvania, Ohio or Illinois, it may happen that the South will regulate the price of Bessemer steel. Again, Alabama has a long seacoast, with fairly good ports. It is said that an iron ship of 3,000 tons can be built at Mobile for \$10,000 less than in Delaware if the wages of labor be the same in either case. This is another significant hint as to future possibilities.

The Pennsylvania iron-workers claim that the raw material of Alabama, West Virginia, etc., cannot continue to be so cheap, and they draw comforting arguments from the history of the cost of mining ores, of the differences between new workings and old, and of wages. But it seems to us that the South at present makes the stronger showing. The cost of production in Alabama is not yet down to the English level, but it may be doubted whether English iron, with all charges added, could be imported and sold here at a profit, even without the payment of duty, when Southern iron can be sold at \$12, and return a profit of 8 per cent. The most apparent conclusion is that the days of the Pennsylvania pig-iron monopoly are numbered, for Congress cannot protect its members against the manufacturers of Alabama. This is not to be regretted, for the cheapening of iron and steel will be a benefit to the many, while the few will finally adapt themselves to other vocations, or follow the thousands who have found remunerative employment for labor and capital in the development of the South. If we read the signs of the times correctly, the prosperous growth of Southern iron manufactures is another and most important presage of the transfer of industrial supremacy to which we have called attention before.

WHAT WE PAY FOR RUM AND TOBACCO.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of the friends of temperance, and the restraining and prohibitory legislation enacted in various States, there does not seem to be any appreciable diminution in the consumption of intoxicating beverages. In fact the official report shows that as to beer the consumption was greater last year than ever before—the increase amounting to 1,524,980 barrels. The total quantity of beer consumed for the year ending June 30th was 642,000,000 gallons, equal to 10.85 gallons for every inhabitant, babies included. When it is remembered that a large part of the population does not consume beer at all, this seems to imply an enormous consumption to those who do; and yet, since those who use beer at all certainly consume as much as half a pint daily, they would at that rate get rid of twenty-three gallons each. As to whisky, the consumption for the year was 70,763,010 gallons, or 1.19 gallons per capita. This is much more than was consumed in the years of industrial depression, but it is below the consumption of 1883 or 1884, when the quantity was 1.41 and 1.42 gallons per capita. The increase in the consumption of beer, which has risen from seven gallons to nearly eleven gallons since 1878-9, of course accounts for some diminution in the use of spirits.

The same tables from which we derive these facts show that there has been also a remarkable increase in the consumption of tobacco in various forms. In all, last year, 191,023,663 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco were consumed, equal to 3.22 pounds per capita, which is considerably in excess of the consumption of any previous year. The increase in the consumption of cigarettes is especially noticeable. Last year it amounted to 1,310,556,512, or 22.1 per capita. Just ten years ago the consumption amounted to 1.7 per capita, and last year it was 18.3 per capita. The *Tribune*, referring to these figures, deduces therefrom these conclusions: "Supposing cigars to average only five cents each, and cigarettes twenty cents a package, tobacco a dollar per pound in retail forms, beer five cents a glass, and spirits five cents for a half-gill, prices which are certainly not as high as those paid by most consumers, the cost of these articles to the people of this country is \$1,189,000,000, or \$19.82 for every inhabitant. This burden is borne by about 20,000,000 wage-earners, however, and for them it averages \$59.46 yearly. All the money that trade unions have added or will ever add to the wages of labor will not equal half the sum spent last year, mainly by working-people, in the consumption of liquor alone, which cost them much over \$800,000,000."

THE growth of the Order of Knights of Labor still continues. Since the 1st of April over 2,500 new Assemblies have been formed, and the General Secretary receives on an average 150 applications per week for charters of organization. The whole number of Assemblies at the beginning of the year was 4,000, as against 8,500 at this time, showing a growth of 4,500 in six months. It is alleged that greater care is now being taken than formerly as to the class of men admitted as members of the organization. This is undoubtedly desirable; but would not the efficiency and usefulness of the Order be increased if at the same time some of the older members of the Martin Irons sort could be eliminated?

"ONCE A TURK ALWAYS A TURK." appears to be the rule with the Sublime Porte, a circular having recently been issued to the governors of the various provinces, instructing them to ignore entirely the naturalization of Turkish subjects abroad. It is said that this order is mainly directed against the numerous Americans returning from the United States as naturalized citizens of this country; and as consular intervention in behalf of persons of this class is not to be permitted, it is possible that, should any of them be maltreated, serious complications may yet arise between the two Powers. Certainly this Government cannot afford to refuse protection to any naturalized citizen, of whatever nationality, who has become such in good faith and with honest purpose.

UNDER a recent Act of Congress, President Cleveland has appointed a commission consisting of John V. Wright, of Tennessee, Bishop H. B. Whipple, of Minnesota, and Charles F. Larabee, of the Indian Office, to visit the various Indian reservations in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, and negotiate with the Indians for the surrender to the United States of a large portion of their lands. In Montana, Dakota and Washington

Territories, the reservations of certain tribes are much larger than they need, or are able to cultivate, and if arrangements can be made for the removal of other tribes in Minnesota and Idaho, something like 40,000,000 acres of land, some of it well timbered, will be thrown open to settlement. Under the instructions issued to the commission, the free and full consent of the Indians is made a pre-requisite to all negotiations, and fair and just compensation must be given for every right transferred to the Government. No agreement can take effect until it has been approved by Congress. The presence of Bishop Whipple on the commission affords a guarantee that the rights of the Indians will be scrupulously respected in all its negotiations.

THE worthy old gentleman who has shaken hands with every President of the United States has again been in Washington. This time he was Captain John Grant, of New Orleans, aged ninety years, and the same hand that was shaken by George Washington, and all his successors in turn, has completed the line of Chief Executives to date by having clasped the strong right hand of President Cleveland. If money is any object to Captain Grant, the dime museums, not to mention Barnum, would unquestionably satisfy his most sordid suggestion as to salary; for there are, doubtless, many thousands of patriotic and sentimental Americans who would gladly invest in a shake with a hand so historically interesting as that of this Southern veteran. But what the most enterprising of showmen would pay him would be a mere bagatelle to what any one of not less than a score of eminent and anxious statesmen would cheerfully add to Captain Grant's bank account if he could assure either one of these eminent and anxious patriots that, in shaking hands with him, the Presidential Hand-shaker-in-Chief was shaking hands with Mr. Cleveland's successor.

THE entire globe, it seems, is likely to be at last girdled with electricity, thanks to that well-subsidized and enterprising corporation, the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. Its agent, Mr. Sanford Fleming, is in England conferring with the Imperial Government and Australian representatives in regard to cable communication between Canada, Japan, China and Australia. The idea is to lay a cable from Vancouver, British Columbia, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, to the Aleutian or Sandwich Islands; thence to Yedo, Japan; thence to Hong Kong; and from there to Australia and New Zealand. That the cable would prove a profitable enterprise is improbable, and therefore subsidies are asked for. The scheme has received the endorsement of the Imperial Government, and appropriations will probably be made by the colonies. The advantages of an independent railway line through British territory in America have been fully understood—as witness the liberal subsidies—and an independent cable connecting with the Canadian Pacific telegraph system is likely to receive generous support, as conducting more than ever to "Imperial Unity."

THE work of "reforming" the post-offices of the country has been pretty vigorously prosecuted during the past year. An official report shows that for the year ending June 30th, the total number of appointments was 22,747, of which 9,566 were in cases of removal and suspension. That is to say, the Administration of Mr. Cleveland, who is distinctly pledged to respect the principle of a non-partisan service, has removed or suspended 9,566 officials because they were Republicans, and given their places to that number of new appointees because they were Democrats. Of the 13,181 other appointments made during the year, nearly all were also partisans of the Administration. Nobody will pretend that these changes were demanded by considerations of regard for the public service, or that the efficiency of that service has been increased by putting "offensive" Democratic partisans in place of Republicans. The changes were made for political reasons, and for no other. The truth is, that the Post-office Department has from the outset ignored the principle of Civil Service Reform, and it must be held responsible for its acts. The fact that the Civil Service Law does not apply to postmasters would not be seized as a justification for a violation of the spirit of a law by officials truly desirous of eradicating the doctrine that partisan services should be rewarded by the spoils of office.

THE headwaters of two of the greatest rivers upon this continent, the Missouri and Columbia, are among the vast forests of Northern Montana and Idaho. That lumbermen will long spare these forests cannot be believed. The lumberman has ravaged large portions of New England, New York and Northern Michigan, and the devastation caused by wholesale destruction of our forests has been realized when it was too late for a remedy. It is now proposed to act in time, and to establish a national forest reservation in Northern Montana. The cutting away of these forests would mean the ruin of vast tracts of arable lands along the rivers by sudden floods, and subsequent injury to these streams as highways by their shoaling, for it is a familiar fact that forests regulate the drainage of water into rivers. The damage which would follow may be estimated roughly by recalling the yearly floods along the Ohio and Monongahela; but it should be remembered that the communities all the way from Montana to the Gulf of Mexico are directly interested in the protection of the forests at the headwaters of the Missouri. The Adirondack region has been seriously injured by reckless timber-cutting, and the Hudson has suffered despite persistent efforts to protect the North Woods. Forest protection in Montana involves infinitely greater interests. The Bill establishing the reservation ought to become a law.

THE sudden death of Hubert O. Thompson, the aggressive and rather brilliant politician, would have caused a profounder sensation one year ago than it has done at the present time. The truth would seem to be that while Mr. Thompson possessed dash and fertility of resources, as a leader, combined with executive abilities of a high order, he lacked that safe judgment and that wisdom which come through experience alone. He was too young a man when his first triumphs were gained to hold his advantages. Mistakes were committed, such as the \$999 contracts, which older heads would not have committed, but which followed him through life. The impression got abroad, from these and other official and political transactions, that Mr. Thompson was a politician of somewhat lax political morality, and it was this undoubtedly that prevented his appointment as Collector of the Port of New York. And yet no one questioned his ability to fill this high and responsible position. The gentleman that was selected undoubtedly enjoys the honor through Mr. Thompson's friendship. The dead Democratic leader was a man of refined and elegant manners and genial disposition, who made himself very attractive to his friends socially, through his hospitality and unvarying good nature. Whether his death will have any injurious effect upon the fortunes of the political organization of which he was the acknowledged head will depend upon the wisdom displayed in the choice of a successor.

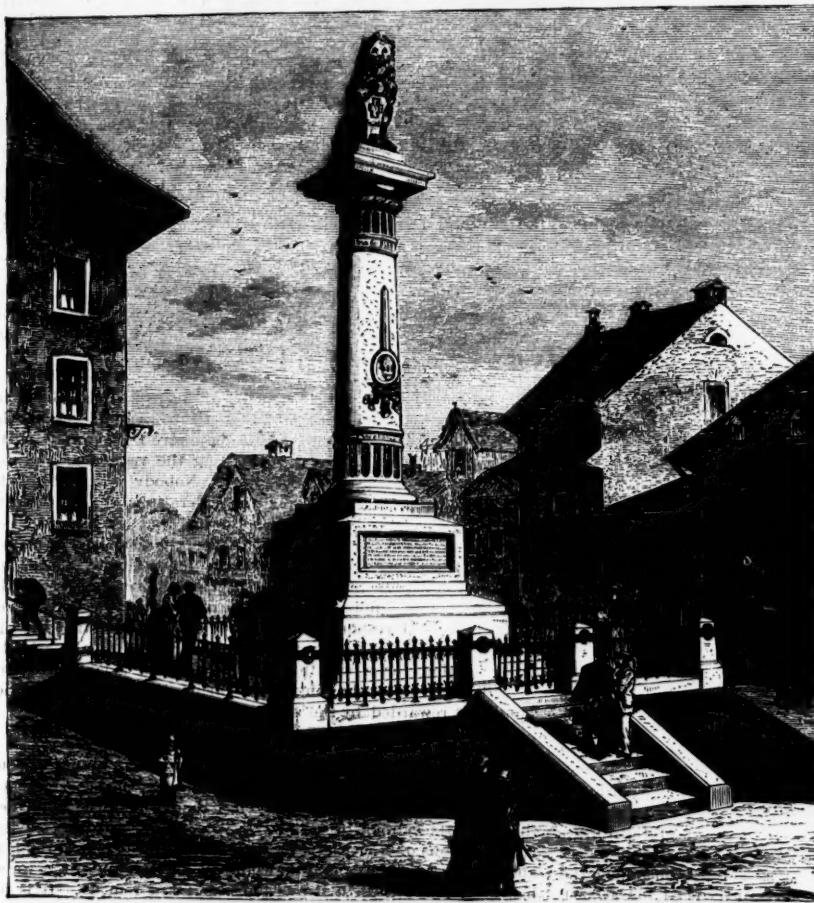
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



FRANCE.—A NIGHT REFUGE ON THE BOULEVARD DE VAUGIRARD, PARIS.



RUSSIA.—JOANIY, METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW.



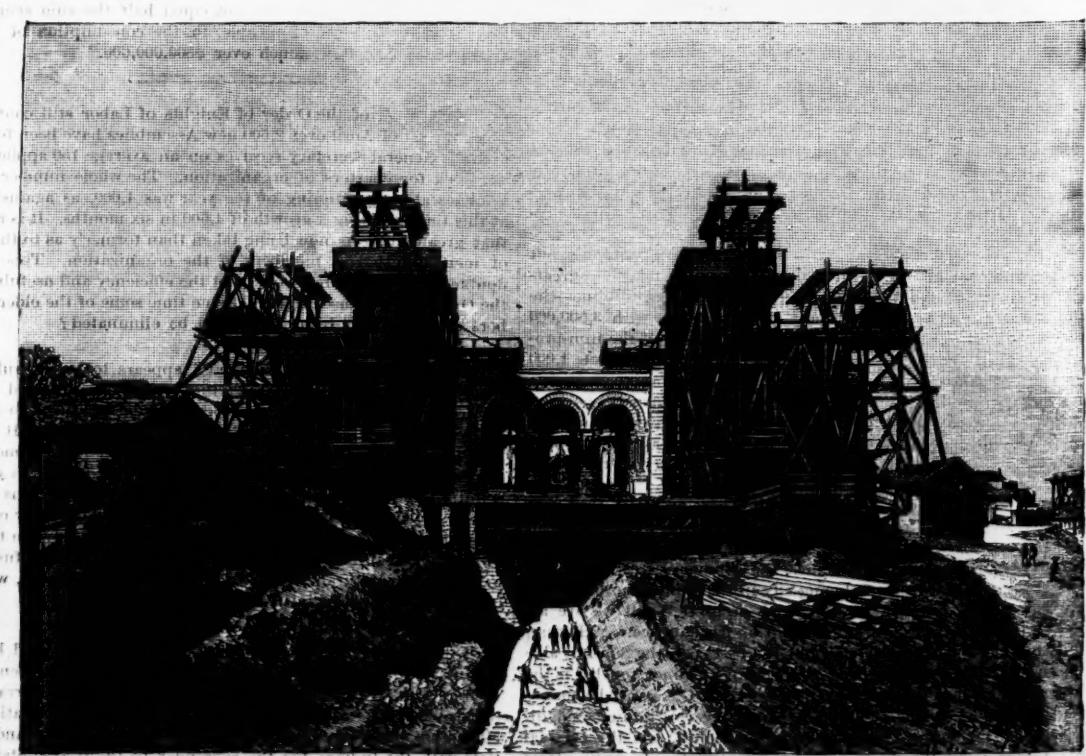
SWITZERLAND.—THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL MONUMENT OF THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.



SPAIN.—PRESENTATION BY THE QUEEN REGENT OF HER CHILD, ALFONSO XIII., TO THE VIRGIN OF ATOCHA, AT THE ATOCHA CATHEDRAL, MADRID, JUNE 28TH.



EGYPT.—THE MUMMY OF RAMSES II. (SESOSTRIS) RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT DEIREL-BAHARI.



FRANCE.—THE PORTAL OF THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART AT MONTMARTRE.



PENNSYLVANIA.—GENERAL EDWIN S. OSBORNE, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE.

PHOTO BY BELL.

GENERAL EDWIN S. OSBORNE,
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

GEORGE GENERAL OSBORNE, who was renominated for Congressman-at-Large by the Republican Convention recently held in Harrisburg, has had a somewhat eventful career for a man still on the sunny side of fifty. He was born in Bethany, Pa., August 7th, 1836, and was educated at the University of Northern Pennsylvania, and at the New York State and National Law School, graduating in 1860 with the degree of LL.B. Shortly afterwards, on the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was one of the first to volunteer to preserve the integrity of the Union, enlisting as a private in the Eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, and, despite his extreme youth and lack of previous military education, he rapidly rose to a place of distinction. After serving with his regiment in General Patterson's command, he received a commission from

by court-martial at Washington, convicted and hanged. General Osborne was then sent to his own State to investigate charges of treason against various citizens confined in military prisons. He then resigned his commission, returned to his home in Wilkesbarre, and engaged in the practice of his profession.

On the reorganization of the National Guards, the Governor appointed General Osborne the Major-general of the same, and he held the position from 1871 to 1876. General Osborne enjoys a lucrative law practice. He has had but little to do with politics, never having held a civil office until he was returned to Congress during the last general election. He is a prominent member and worker in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, having been elected Department Commander in 1883. His popularity is attested in the State by the fact that he received 2,536 more votes than were polled for Blaine and Logan in the Presidential contest of 1884.

Governor Curtin to recruit a company, and performing this duty, joined the One Hundred and Forty-ninth as captain. The regiment formed part of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and participated in all the engagements of the corps till after the Gettysburg battle, when it was consolidated into the Fifth Corps. In the meantime, Captain Osborne had become Major of his regiment and Assistant Inspector-general of the Third Division. During the war he was three times wounded, and was successively brevetted Lieutenant-colonel, Colonel and Brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious conduct in the face of the enemy.

Upon the close of the war, General Osborne was appointed Judge Advocate under General Holt, and sent to Macon and Andersonville to investigate the charges of cruelty to Federal prisoners of war by the Confederate Superintendent of Prisons, Captain Wirz. Upon a full investigation of the testimony adduced, General Osborne preferred charges of murder against Wirz, who was tried



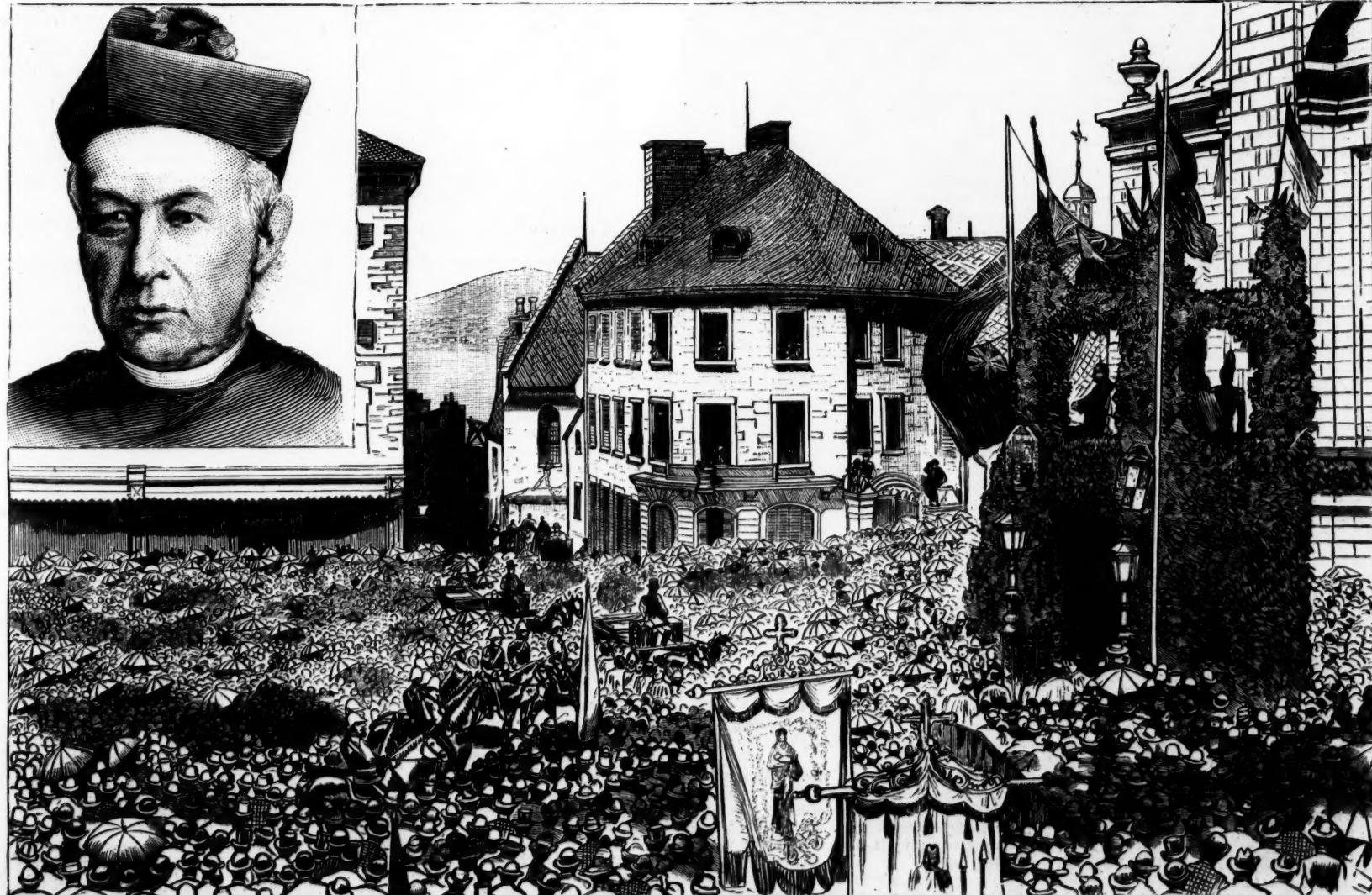
MASSACHUSETTS.—THE LATE MAJOR DANIEL SIMPSON, VETERAN DRUMMER OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY OF BOSTON.

PHOTO BY J. W. BLACK & CO.—SEE PAGE 391.

THE NEW CARDINAL OF QUEBEC.

THIS demonstration attending the ceremony of conferring the beretta upon Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, which took place on July 21st, was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in the Canadian Dominion. The day was

generally observed as a holiday; the city was gay with decorations; the grand procession passed under countless triumphal arches; and everywhere the populace manifested the utmost enthusiasm. The scene at the Basilica, where the beretta was formally conferred, was especially striking in its effects. We illustrate the incident



CANADA.—CARDINAL TASCHEREAU BESTOWING THE PAPAL BENEDICTION UPON THE PEOPLE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SQUARE FRONTING THE BASILICA, AFTER RECEIVING THE BERETTA, JULY 21ST.

FROM A PHOTO BY GILBERT STANLEY.

of the Cardinal bestowing the Papal benediction upon the vast concourse of people in the square fronting the Basilica.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

BELOVED, thou wouldst question me
What things the parting soul doth see.

That moment of the still, gray prime
When, fleeing from the house of time,

The spirit through mine eyelids passed
(Thy kisses sealed those windows last)—

I touched, obscure, a threshold stone,
A Door I reached, spent and alone.

All void before, my spirit, then,
Turned on the past its doubtful ken.

Along the road I had o'ergone,
A tenfold light began to dawn.

Each day of life revealed stood,
Each with its dower of ill or good;

And deed, and thought, and flitting dream,
Showed clear as mote in sunny beam.

On every scene mine eyes had known,
The sudden splendor flashed and shone:

The woodland places, dim and sweet,
Wherein I set my childish feet;

The evening hearth, the candle-light,
Far beckoning down the Winter night;

The dark, unmeasured, rushing sea,
And youth's wild joy of being free!

The alien city's solitude,
Its paven ways, its turmoll rude.

Uprose each face of friend or foe,
Or stranger's, chance-met long ago—

The swift reproach, the look askance,
The laughing gaze, the heart-warm glance!

All hours of life! but last the hour
I name for thee and for love's power!

Then, earthward light and vision died,
And the great Door swung still and wide—

But more I may not tell to thee;
What then I saw, thyself must see.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

"JACK AND JILL."

By ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

CHAPTER II.

"MY dear Jill," says Jack, with a sudden interest visible in his lazy eyes, which have been turned aimlessly out of the window, "I think one of the Montclaire servants is coming across the hill to the house."

"No! Really!" says Tempest, springing up from the polished oaken floor, where she has been carefully assorting some Roman beads, and running to the window. "Ah, true enough," a little ripple of laughter breaking over her tender, defiant, but most bewitching face. "It is Soames, the under-footman. Lady Hilda must have heard of our arrival."

It is the morning after that event; the storm has ceased, but has left a reminder of it in the heavy mist that lies low over the peninsula, and the surging sea. The wind has fallen to a long-continued moan, that grows more weirdly wailing as it sweeps through the stunted pine forests. And through all this barren marine country is a hollow, booming sound—it is the echo of the angry Atlantic, hinting that they have not yet seen the end of the storm.

Rock House is a long, rambling old pile of buildings, one half utterly gone to decay, the other—well, as a makeshift it would do for an abiding-place, and as such it serves Jack Dempsey and his daughter.

In the soft, salt, Cornish summer it is altogether delightful, with its long, shady old apartments filled with the briny smell of the sea; its deep niches and many winding, narrow stairways, and quaint galleries and unexpected balconies, and little high stone porches hidden by the redly blooming creepers that have humbly blown on through half a century of neglect and unapreciation.

But for the remaining nine months of storm and gales matters become lively and somewhat precarious for the inhabitants of the Rock House. At such times their place of residence varies with the wind. When the storms come up from the sea this happy-go-lucky household gathers itself up, and with its gods transfers itself to a suite of rooms in tolerable repair at the rear of the ghostly old pile.

But when the tempests tear down from the hills and sweep upon the low-lying, antique mansion sleeping grayly at their base, Jack and Jill, with their retinue, transplant themselves in the seaward portion of their uncertain abode, and thus, warily shifting, manage to keep dry.

But with all its shortcomings, every stone of the crumbling walls of her birthplace, every root of the rocky, disputed acres, and every beetling cliff of the rugged coast, are dear to the undisciplined heart of Tempest Dempsey. Not so is it with her father; if the truth be told, Jack is heartily sick of this barren place—this undesirable bone of contention—dare he say so before the small tyrant whom he worships, and who rules him with a rod of iron, or—love.

Soames is found to be the bearer of a couple of letters; and, ensconcing herself in the window-seat, Tempest tears open one of the envelopes, proceeds to read—starts, stares, then drops the sheet and scrambles to her feet.

"He is coming; positively he will be in this room at three o'clock this afternoon—that man, Dempsey!" she says, turning a staggered face upon her father. "He is stopping at the castle, and no doubt he has come for the purpose of driving us out of house and home."

"But he cannot," says Jack, rather mournfully—Jack who is so utterly disgusted with this absurd litigation between the members of his race, of hearing the subject dinmed in his ears from morning to night, and of having his avenging course marked out for him by his pugnacious offspring—"he cannot, my dear, until he shall have won the suit."

"And how shall you receive him?—what shall you do to this mortal enemy of ours, Jack Dempsey?" demands Tempest, in growing excitement.

Jack's half-guilty eyes wander aimlessly around the room for inspiration; but receiving none, return to his stern arraigner. He knows what he should like to do, if only he dare brave her—tell this Hugh Dempsey to take the Rock House and its few unprofitable rods and go to the deuce.

"My dear, I haven't the remotest idea," he says, uncomfortably. "Pitch him out of the window, I suppose, if you insist upon it."

Jill turns away with a gesture of disgust.

"I will show him what I will do," she says, grandly. "I will let him see that there is one of the John Dempsey line who does not fear to fight him, with all his ill-gotten wealth."

* * * * *

When Hugh Dempsey alights from his trap, three hours later, and presents himself at the gray, time-stained door of the enemy, it is doubtful if the sun—figuratively speaking; in reality, the sun is nowhere visible, having distinctly declined to show itself for the last forty-eight hours—it is doubtful if the sun shines upon but one other person quite so uncomfortable as he—the individual reduced to a similar condition being upon the other side of the door, penned in the drawing-room by a stern-eyed young goddess, who has hastily risen to her feet as the echo of their foe's delicate knuckles, rapping gingerly upon the panel of their front door, floats through the old mansion. It is not at all a bold summons; indeed, it holds something doubtful and quavering. But to this misguided young woman it is a sound particularly aggressive, and she girds her loins for the fray.

When Hugh Dempsey, with lagging steps, follows Martin into the drawing-room, he sees a long, picturesque old room that has something of the old masters about it.

The floor is of polished oak, reflecting lights and shadows; three or four old-time rugs diversify its gleaming gloom. In the centre is a dark, curiously wrought mahogany table littered with books and artist's trappings. The two lightest corners have easels stationed in them, each bearing a half-finished strip of canvass; the chairs, antique, twisted-legged, belong to another century; and all over the wall and in every available corner are strewn little articles of *bric-a-brac* and *virtu* that this strange couple have picked up in their wandering, erratic life, and worth a small fortune.

But not now does Dempsey's eyes take in understandingly his surroundings. His glance deals with nothing save the two upstanding figures of his relatives. His first glance is not discouraging; in the face of the male member of the John Dempsey line he seems to see his own sentiments reflected. Distinctly frightened though he is by the possibility of a scene, Jack is yet on the verge of ignominious laughter: to him the whole affair is unspeakably ridiculous. From him Dempsey glances more hopefully at the slim, gray-clad figure of his kinswoman; but here hope dies. In that hardened, paling visage; in those coldly gleaming eyes; in that small, erect head, he sees the fiery spirit of all the John Dempseys, and with a long breath he tells himself that he is in for it.

And, indeed, this visit is no trifling matter to the girl, who by mother and grandfather has been reared in the rigid faith that the people of this man confronting her have been bitter foes of her and hers—foes who would wrest the bread from her lips and literally the roof from her head.

At memory of those pangs suffered by two hearts gone back to mother earth the phials of her wrath are poured forth; speech breaks from Tempest's paling lips, and old times and old offenses, and old injuries and fresh defiance are heaped upon the head of this man who, from the midst of his glory and prosperity, has seemed to come to them to gloat over their downfall and witness their misfortunes!

When she has exhausted herself, Dempsey, with a sort of cruel deliberation, lets his glance linger broadly upon her scornful face, with its untamable spirit; then he turns his back squarely upon her—the cruelest thing he could have done—and addresses Jack.

"Extraordinary as is this address of welcome," he says, with an unpleasant sneer, and in a voice that is only slightly strained, "in justice to myself I wish you to understand that I came here this afternoon with no hostile intentions. If it were not so ridiculous, this lawsuit, in my opinion, would be a disgrace to our name. And almost at any cost I would have hailed with pleasure a chance of putting an end to the farce. However, had I not allowed myself to forget the scurrilous letters I have received from you, I might have saved myself the trouble of intruding upon you."

Jack is regarding him with a glance of purest wonder.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculates. "My dear sir, I never wrote you any sort of a letter; my daughter is my amanuensis—" then he breaks off abruptly, as light dashes in upon his darkness.

Dempsey turns upon Tempest with a tardy, slighting smile.

"So it was you, then?" he says, as he looks into the girl's guilty but defiant face.

"I have told you that you are an unscrupulous and an avaricious man, and that you would wrest the birthright from your nearest kin; but that is only truth," says Tempest, with truculent energy and an insolent laugh.

The swarthy color leaps to Dempsey's lank visage; he is silent—either from the reason that there is nothing to be said, or that he dare not trust himself to speak.

Tempest turns with an angry gesture to Jack.

"But I will not have this—this—*person* thinking I did so without authority. Did not you tell me to write?" she says, passionately.

"Yes—certainly, my dear. At least, I did not forbid it."

"And did not I always tell you that I had given him"—glancing invidiously at the six feet of flushed and angry manhood that has wandered into their midst—"that I had given him a piece of our mind?"

"Ye-es, you certainly said something to that effect," admits Jack, beginning to regret that he has so wholly left the dealing of this affair to this impulsive, small woman of his.

"There is no need of continuing this little scene," he resumes, turning to Dempsey with a half-laugh, in spite of his annoyance. "My daughter is at times a trifle difficult, but she does not mean harm, you know. As to this other business—lawsuits are no end of a nuisance—raking up one's private affairs and knocking the deuce into things generally. If you really fancy this place, and the few rocks belonging to it," proceeds Jack, regarding his guest with genial wonder, and a wholesome absence of that old-timed enmity that brings, for the moment, a ray of light and sympathy and even laughter into Dempsey's moody eyes, and shows up in even a more absurd light the course of their respective ancestors, "why, take 'em, and welcome. Though, of course"—hastily correcting himself under the expression of his daughter's sternly condemning eyes—"you must expect to take with them our curse—and our maledictions—you know—and all that."

At this ferocious threat, uttered in the most uncomfortable of voices, Dempsey could find it in his heart to laugh, put out his hand and be friends with this sunny-tempered man, were it not for that black, bitter rage kindled in his breast against that insolent-eyed girl gazing at him with such unbounded scorn. As it is, he is young, and, like her, hot-tempered; and her scoffing, condemning words have stung him like a lash.

"I will not detain you by worthless verbiage," he says, stiffly. "I bid you good-day for the simple reason that there is nothing else to be said."

And thus, in an incredibly short time, Dempsey finds himself outside the house again, and springing into the trap, he rattles furiously away from the Rock House.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK has passed since the interview between the Dempseys. Lady Hilda's chagrin at the unhappy turn matters took upon that occasion may easily be conceived.

Of course, as Dempsey is still stopping at the castle, the daily pilgrimages that Tempest has been in the habit of making to that shrine are now out of the question. But her ladyship graciously surmounts this difficulty to companionship with her favorite by coming frequently to the Rock House, and at such times conversation turns upon the family feud. But Tempest, with her stiff-necked pride, yields no jot nor tittle with regard to Hugh; though in her restless movements, and the slow flush that mounts her brow when Lady Hilda touches upon the recent visit of her kinsman, the astute peacemaker believes she beholds evidence of secret mortification at the manner in which temper, upon that occasion, betrayed the girl.

One particular morning, when her ladyship has been reading Tempest a dainty lecture upon her faults, Philip drops in for his mother. He perceives a shadow upon the girl's brow, and subsequent disclosures prove that she is furthermore silent and *distract*; Philip draws his own conclusions.

As they are leaving, he turns to Tempest with a suppressed eagerness in his dark face.

"You seem to be out of sorts," he says. "What do you say to a row to our old rendezvous—the sand-hills—for sea-fowl eggs? It is not a bad sea, and the day might really be worse, you know," glancing somewhat doubtfully at the murky sky, which, at least, is not enlivening.

Tempest seizes with avidity upon Philip's proposition; and so it is arranged that he shall drive his mother back to the castle, and at once return to embark upon the expedition.

"What have you been saying to so put her out?" he demands, the minute they are beyond hearing of the pretty, drooping figure watching them from her station by the gate.

"Nothing," says his mother, calmly, "except a few wholesome truths. Jack and all his friends do their utmost to ruin her. The girl is really gifted with one of the best hearts that ever throbbed; only they have taught her that she is an infallible power to the whole world."

Montclaire favors his mother with a long, level glance of keen suspicion.

"Look here," he says, with a roughness that with him represents emotion, "why cannot you leave her and Dempsey alone? What is your idea in mixing yourself up in their affairs? If they hate one another, why, they do, you know, and that is all about it."

"They are fitted to be warmest friends," says Lady Hilda, sententiously.

Philip shoots her another sharp, quick glance of angry suspicion.

"More than friends—eh?" he suggests, angrily gnawing his mustache.

"It certainly would be a very nice way of getting over the past, and of making things generally pleasant," admits her ladyship, equably.

The finely shaped dark hands holding the reins shake with pent-up passion; it is not often that Philip gives way to anger, but when he yields, he yields utterly.

"Take a piece of advice," he says, now, in a low, furious tone, "and let well enough alone, or you may be heaping up for yourself trouble! While I live Dempsey shall never have Tempest—I swear to God he shall not!"

Lady Hilda stares at him broadly.

"You horrid boy!" she says, with a laugh of unfailing good-humor. "Why, what an execrable temper you have. Who on earth but you would have thought of such a thing, anyway, concerning mortal foes like Hugh and Tempest!"

The subject is no further pursued; Philip perhaps is ashamed of his recent outburst, and his mother may be pondering over his words.

At the castle, Philip's state of mind is not improved by hearing that his father has urgent personal business for him to transact at Plymouth, and that he must set out at once. As old Sir John has it in his power to leave every farthing of his fortune to a distant branch of the family, should he so desire, this exasperating demand upon his son's time is not to be disregarded; so the young man indites a note of explanation and regret to Tempest, and then makes for Plymouth Harbor. Meanwhile, Tempest has confided her intentions to Jack, who is busy upon a new painting, and has sallied forth down to the coast, there to await Philip, and thus missing his letter, which Jack, engrossed with his work, absently lays aside. For a time she sits upon the high, rugged bluffs overlooking the water; the sea is ominously quiet, but the sky is lowering, and low down in the east the storm-rack is gathering. At last she springs to her feet. "Something must have happened!" she exclaims, vexedly. "Philip certainly will not be here now."

Resolving not to be cheated out of her row, the girl runs along the coast to a spot where the rugged bluffs slope down to the water's edge. Here, in a little cove worn by the action of the sea, the Dempsey boat lies moored.

Accustomed to the ocean from her infancy, Tempest springs into the sturdy little craft, unhooking the chain, and seizing the oars, sends her self spinning over the treacherous green waters that lave and purr about her boat's prow. A few rods off the Cornish coast, along here, are a collection of sand-hills formed by the tides, and lodged upon rocks that underlie the water; the position and appearance of this foreign matter undergoing constant changes with the lapse of years and the action of the currents.

Some of these shifting sands have climbed to the height of several hundred feet, affording peculiar facilities for the nests and roosts of sea-fowl; while others extend only a few feet above low-water mark, and in the hour of high tide become completely submerged.

These latter bear a local reputation of being good fishing-grounds, and now constitute Tempest's goal. But scarcely has she landed, made secure her boat, and got out her fishing-fackle, when the adventurous damsel comes to grief. Hurrying impetuously, as is her wont, she suddenly finds herself precipitated at full length to the ground. She has stepped into one of the many pitfalls washed by the tide, and for a moment lies prostrate, half-stunned by the force with which she has come to mother earth.

Then she scrambles to her feet and starts on, apparently not much the worse, save for a stinging pain in her left arm, which has received her entire weight.

The opposite side of the island gained, she casts in her line, and then a smothered cry breaks from her, and, faint with pain, she sinks to the ground. Plainly she has dislocated her shoulder; the agony, almost impossibility of moving her arm, leaves no room to doubt the fact.

Not as yet grasping the gravity of the situation, and bent upon alleviating her suffering, Tempest rolls up the loose sleeve of her gown, and dipping her handkerchief in the sea, copiously bathes her swollen and discolored joint.

The application affording relief, again and again it is repeated; and then, with her linen still dripping, she carefully moves backward, away from the beach, and propping herself against a hillock raised by the tide in the sand, and whose brief existence a day will cover, she again lays the handkerchief upon her shoulder, and leaning her head against the yielding sand, draws her cloak tightly about her and waits for the cold water to do its work.

Cessation of her poignant suffering still blessedly lingers, and produces a sort of drowsiness in her; fearing to move lest the pain shall return—with nothing before her on which the eye may linger save the wide plains of the Atlantic—Tempest's eyes grow heavier and heavier as time passes, and finally close, and she sleeps.

(To be continued.)

MIDSUMMER SNOW ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

If anything can, through the

Boston lawyer, and injuring a lady tourist. A party of eleven persons left Shelburne in the morning, reaching the Ravine, which is 3,000 feet below the summit of Mount Washington, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The party were resting near the arch, some on one side, some on the other, when suddenly it fell, burying Sewall Faunce, aged fifteen years, entirely out of sight under fully six feet of snow and ice. Miss Pierce, of New Bedford, was enveloped to the waist. When rescued from her perilous position she was able to walk, but her body was dead, no doubt killed instantly. The rest of the party escaped uninjured. Another party, consisting of two women, a young girl and a young man, in attempting to go up through the Ravine to the summit, got lost and would have remained in the woods all night or longer had they not been discovered and helped to the summit by two of the men who came to the rescue of the other party.

THE LATE MAJOR "DAN" SIMPSON.

MAJOR DANIEL SIMPSON, the veteran drummer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, who died at his residence in that city, on the 28th ult., was born in Winslow, Me., in September, 1790, and was consequently nearly a ninety-six years of age. His grandfather was a fifer in General Washington's guard, and his father, who lived to be ninety-seven years of age, was in the battle of Bunker Hill, and captured a British soldier during the retreat from Concord. His maternal grandfather, Job Shattuck, and four of his sons, also fought in the Revolutionary War. Daniel's first appearance in public was as drummer at a muster in 1800. Ten years later he removed to Boston, and in 1815 opened a store on his own account. At the commencement of the war with England, "Dan" was drafted, and did duty thirty days on Dorchester Heights, Boston Common, and at the Navy Yard. In 1812 he was with the New England Guards when they started for Marblehead to defend the coast, and he was the only drummer at the Broad Street riots. He did service with his drum—we quote the Boston *Transcript*—"in the War of 1812, and as a testimonial of his long and faithful term of duty, his coat-sleeve had sixteen stripes, marking eighty years of service. More than sixty years ago he kept the Green Dragon Tavern. Daniel Webster styled this tavern the headquarters of the Revolution. It was also known as the Freemason Arms, and is notable in the annals of Masonry in Boston. In this year he formed the famous Boston Brigade Band of eleven pieces. Subsequently he was connected with two other organizations. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, Governor Andrew called the veteran drummer to his assistance, and he organized the musicians who went to the front. He educated the noted James and Ned Kendall, the clarinet and bugle players. Mr. Simpson had been drummer for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery more than seventy years, and till 1878 he never missed a parade. Colonel Gibbons appointed him a drum major about thirty-three years ago. In September, 1882, he presented to the Bostonian Society the drum which was carried by John Robbins at the battle of Bunker Hill, and also an oil portrait of himself with the drum beside him, painted by Darius Cobb. The drum and portrait are now suspended on the wall in the Old State House, among the other historical treasures of the Bostonian Society. The drum shows to the visitor the side bearing the inscription, 'Aut vincere aut mori, 1771,' and on the other side bears the letters, 'B. F.' as a reminiscence of the time when it was carried at the head of the Boston Fusiliers. The portrait is handsomely framed, and shows a half old veteran in military uniform. Major Simpson died in easy circumstances, leaving, probably, about \$60,000 to his heirs. For thirty-eight years he had a charming home at City Point, surrounded by his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He held annual receptions, when the prominent gentlemen in the peninsula honored the veteran by their presence. The veteran retained his consciousness almost to the last, and died surrounded by his family."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

PRESENTATION OF THE BABY KING OF SPAIN. We give an illustration of the impressive service in the Atocha Cathedral, Madrid, on the 28th of June, when the widowed Queen of Spain appeared before the altar, and made a solemn presentation of her child, Alfonso XIII., to the Virgin of Atocha. The altar was ablaze with light, and by the Queen stood the Cardinal Primate, the bishops and the leading clergy of the Cathedral and realm, in all the pomp and glory of their rich vestments. Around were the Grandees of Spain, the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers, the great officers of the Throne, the representatives of the Army and Navy in brilliant uniforms, the principal authorities of the capital and the provinces, with deputations of the Cortes and the great cities. The church was hung with velvet; bright flags hung from roof and pillar, and in the centre of this color and brightness and pomp stood the solitary woman in deep mourning, holding up her baby to the figure of the Virgin above the altar. It was a deeply affecting spectacle. The little Princess of the Asturias, her sister, Princess Maria Theresa, the Archduchess Elizabeth, the Infanta Isabella and Eulalia, and the members of the Montpensier family, were present, and formed a distinct group in this the first public appearance of Alfonso XIII.

THE METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW.

Last June the clergy of Moscow, Russia, solemnly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Metropolitan Joanniky's service in the rank of Bishop. The Metropolitan's father was a village deacon, who, however, did his best to give his son the best clerical education. On having finished his studies, Joanniky entered the monastic Order, and then rapidly rose in the hierarchical service. In 1861 he was made a Bishop, and in 1882 a Metropolitan of Moscow. In the latter capacity he took part in the ceremony of the Czar's coronation. His salary the Metropolitan spends in charitable works. He has built on his own account a number of schools and asylums. Though highly elevated, he is accessible to everybody. Joanniky is an orator of unusual eloquence.

PARIS NIGHT HOSPITALITY.

The night asylums of Paris, three in number, are a decided improvement upon the "tramps" lodgings "attached to the police stations of New York. Men who are penniless and without employment may take refuge there for a period not exceeding four days. They are provided with a bath, a bed, and food sufficient to keep body and soul together.

This enables them to seek employment, which in some cases the organization procures for them. A beneficiary of the *Hospitale de Nuit* is not allowed to renew his application for aid within a period of two months. The institution, which is of comparatively recent origin, has given shelter to 57,000 persons, including a small number of women, who are admitted in exceptional cases. Among the guests registered on the books of the *Hospitale* are 1,727 accountants, 1,684 commercial employees, 164 professors, 49 tutors, 93 lawyers' clerks, 59 sculptors, 11 mathematicians, 87 dramatic artists, 16 students, 5 gymnasts, 5 men of letters and 7 journalists.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

A famous event in Swiss history has been commemorated near Lucerne—the battle of Sempach, which decided the freedom of Switzerland from the Austrian yoke. Five hundred years ago, on July 9th, 1386, the Swiss defeated the Austrians on the banks of little Lake Sempach, chiefly through the bravery of their leader, Arnold von Winkelried, who threw himself upon the Austrian lances to encourage the wavering Switzers. Crowds of visitors thronged to the celebration, when the Swiss President took the opportunity to plead for harmony among his people, so as to maintain Swiss union and independence. A memorial monument was erected in the little town of Sempach by an association of Swiss architects and engineers. It was designed and executed by the Architects Hirschbunner and Baumgart, of Berne. The monument consists of a monolith of blue marble, standing on a pedestal, and surmounted by a capital bearing a lion. An iron railing surrounds the monument, the posts and steps being of St. Gotthard granite. The lion bears on his breast the Cross of Switzerland, and on the front of the shaft are a sword and shield with the date 1386. Around the four sides of the pedestal are the arms of the four Swiss Cantons which took part in the battle—Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden. The shaft is 5.85 meters high, the lion, 2.05 meters, and the whole monument 10.35 meters—a meter being 39.37 inches—so that the whole height of the monument is about 34 English feet. A monument to Winkelried was erected in 1865 at Stanz, in the Canton of Unterwalden.

THE MUMMY OF SESOTRIS.

The illustration and account of the unwrapping of the mummy of Ramses II. (Sesostris), by M. Maspero, at the Boulaq Museum, June 1st, given in last week's issue of this paper, are supplemented this week by another picture. It will be interesting to compare the photographs of the well-preserved features of the great Egyptian conqueror with his colossal statue in the Louvre, in Paris. The obelisk of the Place de la Concorde is one of a pair which formerly stood before that monarch's magnificent palace at Luxor.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, MONTMARTRE.

In the notice accompanying the portrait of the late Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, published last week in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, allusion was made to that lamented prelate's zeal in the work of building the grand Church of the Sacred Heart, on the heights of Montmartre. He was its founder, and the first stone was laid June 16th, 1875. The architect, the late M. Abadie, asked fourteen years to complete the edifice, which should, therefore, according to his calculation, be dedicated in 1889. It is not likely, however, that this hope will be realized, even though the site escape secularization at the hands of the Church's enemies, who are at present so powerful and active in the national legislature. Our picture shows the present state of the work on the edifice, with a front view of the principal portal. This grand basilica, dominating Paris on the north, will furnish an architectural complement to the imposing effect of the Arc de Triomphe and the Trocadero on the west.

A GLIMPSE OF ARABIAN TRIBAL LIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Hartford *Courant*, writing from Sidon, Syria, says: "The Ghawarish at this season live in huts made of rush matting; for sides, roof and floor. These villages of cane are generally near the marsh. The winter houses of stone are nearer the hills. One of the summer encampments presents a lively scene. Your correspondent rode ahead of his party, on the way up from the Sea of Tiberias, on the lookout for a good camping-place for Sunday. After galloping several miles along the level-beaten track he saw a troop of about a score of men, each with a long spear. They were behaving like a lot of schoolboys let out of school, on their way home. I rode up near enough to study their behavior a little, with no intention of intruding, however; as I came in sight the whole troop halted, drew up in military array and awaited me. As I rode up I found them a rude-looking company, but with a merry look in their eyes. They received my greeting cordially, almost hilariously, and closed up around me. Their long spears I took to be fishing-spears at first, which caused them some amusement. These spears are long, ugly-looking weapons, and are carried merely for defense. These men were laborers returning from the field. In a mock heroic fashion one of them handed me a spear and showed me how to shoulder it. They proposed to escort me into the village in the military fashion. They were curious concerning all the details of my saddle and equipments, and especially my field-glass and compass. They were certainly the most unsophisticated human beings I ever met. They were all Moslems, and were amused at my pronunciation of the first surat or chapter of the Koran. They could not imagine why I was traveling alone and seemingly unarmed. When I told them that my camp was coming behind, they volunteered to show me the best place to camp and to furnish food.

"As we neared the village we saw a motley army of life. Hundreds of cattle, buffaloes, sheep, goats, camels and horses were returning from their pastures to the camp. Dogs were barking; young calves were cutting up all sorts of capers; young men were racing horses over the level sward and bringing them short up; children were running about; women in bright dresses were churning by means of a goat-skin suspended by means of two upright poles or else were performing other household duties. A flock of ewes were tied up in a long row half on each side standing facing each other and secured by a long rope which fastened their necks together, and woman were milking them from behind. The men of the camp were mostly idle and smoking long pipes, although during the day we saw many men plowing.

"We passed a pleasant Sunday with those people

and found them kind and orderly neighbors, and whatever eatables they had were at our disposal. The time will come when this fertile plain will yield an enormous crop. The Jordan descends 700 feet from the Lake of Huleh to Tiberias in less than ten miles. This whole marsh can be drained, and the innumerable streams of water which burst out all around the plain will enable the farmer to cultivate the soil the year round."

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY.

The new British Government, so far as announced, will be constituted as follows: The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury; THE EARL OF IDESLEIGH, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader in the House of Commons; SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Chief Secretary for Ireland; RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, Secretary of State for War; LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, First Lord of the Admiralty; BARON HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor; RIGHT HON. F. A. STANLEY, Secretary of State for India; VISCOUNT CRANBROOK, Lord President of the Council; RIGHT HON. EDWARD STANHOPE, President of the Board of Trade; LORD ASHBOURNE, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; SIR R. E. WEBSTER, Attorney-general; RIGHT HON. DAVID PLUNKET, First Commissioner of Works; RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, President of the Local Government Board; THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; MR. H. MATTHEWS, Home Secretary; RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR, Secretary of State for Scotland; RIGHT HON. CECIL RAIKES, Postmaster-general; LORD JOHN MANNERS, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; MR. A. AKERS DOUGLAS, Patronage Secretary of the Treasury; RIGHT HON. HUGH HOLMES, Attorney-general of Ireland; RIGHT HON. JOHN GREGORY GIBSON, Solicitor-general of Ireland. Of these appointments, those which relate to Ireland are especially criticised. The selection of the Marquis of Londonderry as Lord Lieutenant is especially obnoxious. He is a descendant of Castlereagh, who was Pitt's chief instrument in carrying out the Union, and until his father's death a short time ago he bore the title of Lord Castlereagh himself. What the name of Judas Iscariot was to the early Christian, what the name of Benedict Arnold was to the Continental patriot, the name of Castlereagh is to the ears of every Irish Nationalist. Lord Londonderry is an Orangeman, and the dismissal of Sir Robert Hamilton, the Home Rule permanent Under Secretary, would seem to herald an intention of restoring to Dublin Castle its character as an Orange Lodge. On the other hand, Lord Londonderry in 1878 was returned to the House of Commons for County Down by promising Nationalist voters to vote for an inquiry into Home Rule. He is young, good-looking and very wealthy, and his wife is one of the most beautiful and successful leaders of society in London. It is proper to add that Lord Londonderry is in some quarters stated to be opposed to coercive measures.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

PEACHES in California are selling at \$80 a ton on the trees.

THE new law in New York prohibiting the employment of children in factories will force 30,000 children out of employment.

ONE man with an object in view, persistently followed, is a host. In the City of Minneapolis, Minn., there are 600 liquor saloons, and out of this number only thirteen are kept by Irishmen. This state of things, so creditable to the Irish people, has been brought about solely by the influence of Bishop Ireland of St. Paul.

IT is said that the fine and aromatic tobacco of Cuba is growing scarcer every year, and that its degeneration is due to the exhaustion of the land and the abuse of Peruvian guano as a fertilizer. The United States produces yearly about 200,000,000 pounds, and to make cigars 7,000,000 pounds of tobacco for fillers are bought in Cuba.

THE movement of the Paris population from within the walls to the suburban communes is shown by the returns of the suburban census, which complete the results for the whole of the department of the Seine. While with a total of two millions and a quarter in Paris proper, the increase was only about 16,000 in five years, the numbers in the suburbs rose from 522,609 to 607,712, an augmentation of 85,103.

ON the Transcaspian Railroad in Russia, now approaching Merv, it is claimed that about \$800 per mile is being saved by the use of ozokerite, or mineral wax, for ties. When purified, melted and mixed with limestone and gravel, the ozokerite, which is abundant in the vicinity of the railroad, produces a very good asphalt. This is pressed into shape in boxes, and gives ties which retain their form and hardness even in the hottest weather.

THE financial results of high license in Boston are thus summed up by the collector of that city: "Last year the number of licenses granted was 2,803; the revenue collected from them, \$511,830. Up to the 20th of July of this year, the first under the high license system, the number of licenses granted was 2,418, and the revenue, \$549,535. Many licenses are still unpaid. But the effect of high license in Boston is thus seen to be a great decrease in the number of saloons and an increase in the revenue."

THE deputation from the new Boer Republic in Zululand has waited upon Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Natal. The delegates claim the recognition of the independence of a portion of the Zulu territory covering an area of 2,269,600 acres, and the suzerainty of the Boers over the whole of Zululand, with the exception of the reserve. Sir Arthur refused to negotiate, unless the Boers renounced a third of the acreage, for which they demanded independence, and also their claim for suzerainty. A deadlock in the negotiations has consequently ensued.

ONE of the leading hotels at Long Branch has a bellman with a history worth noting. He is a Scotchman named Charles Duncan. He was one of the first pupils of James McCosh, the present President of Princeton College. Dr. McCosh was then a young man teaching in a select school at Edinburgh. Duncan received a splendid education. He is still familiar with Homer, Sallust and Virgil, and can conjugate the toughest Greek verb. He was left a small fortune, but he came to this country and squandered it. Penury has reduced him to his present condition. He is known as "the scholar bellman."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

REPORTS received at Cairo, Egypt, state that Khartoum has been razed by the rebels.

THE Peruvian Government has annulled an Act of 1884 which gave the Jesuits public property for use as schools.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON was last week nominated for Governor of Georgia by a practically unanimous vote.

M. PASTEUR's method of inoculation to prevent hydrophobia has been violently assailed by a number of Paris physicians.

A PAPAL delegate has concluded important treatises with the Porte, insuring the Romish Church great success in the East.

THE Spanish Chamber of Deputies has passed a resolution directing the emancipation, "as soon as possible," of the remaining 26,000 slaves in Cuba.

OKLAHOMA has been again invaded by numbers of desperate characters, and United States troops are now engaged in ejecting them from the Territory.

BOSTON liquor-dealers are shipping liquor into Rhode Island in cases filled with porcelain eggs. Each egg contains whisky enough for "a good, square drink."

TWO FOOLS in Buffalo, N. Y., propose to emulate the example of Graham, the cooper of that city, and attempt to swim through the whirlpool rapids of Niagara in a barrel.

ATLANTIC CITY "leads the world" as an excursion resort. Last week, one excursion party alone, of several which visited it in a single day, filled over one hundred cars.

THE Warsaw police have discovered a widespread revolutionary Socialistic conspiracy, having branches at Paris and St. Petersburg. Many Polish students are implicated. The leaders in the plot have been arrested.

ABOUT three thousand cigarmakers in New York city are out of work on account of their refusal to leave their union and obey the orders of the Knights of Labor, who are seeking to absorb the unions, and are backed in that effort by the employers.

FRANCE denies absolutely that she has any intention of annexing the New Hebrides, and affirms her intention of negotiating with England for the joint maintenance of order in the island. Negotiations over the withdrawal of the French troops are already in progress.

THE total internal revenue collections for the last fiscal year foot up \$116,902,945, an increase of \$4,481,724 over the previous year. The cost of collection was about \$4,300,000, being 3.67 per cent. of the amount collected, and \$155,000 less than the cost for the year ended June 30th, 1885.

TICKETS for State officers were last week nominated by the Prohibitionists of Wisconsin, Michigan and Connecticut. In Wisconsin John O. Olt was nominated for Governor; in Connecticut, Rev. Samuel B. Forbes was nominated for the same office; while in Michigan the nominee is Professor Samuel Dickie, of Albion College.

THERE are apparently some heavy drinkers in Philadelphia. The Times of that city says that one Philadelphia hotel has six customers who drink over sixty-five whiskies a day each. Another hotel has two customers who imbibe regularly eight quarts of champagne a day, ten or twelve who take over twenty whiskies a day, eight or nine who guzzle forty glasses of beer after three o'clock each day, and one customer who regularly drinks two bottles of cognac a day.

AN aged negro named Mary Hallenbrick was burned at the stake in Tattnall County, Ga., one day last week. The punishment was the penalty for the willful murder of a young colored child that had been left in her charge. The horrible sentence was pronounced by a self-constituted jury of colored people, all of whom witnessed the death of the woman, whose tortures, bound hand and foot to a stake and surrounded by fagots which had been saturated with kerosene, were, like her offense, too horrible to describe.

A STARTLING tragedy accompanied a terrific thunder-storm which swept over Ottawa, Canada, one day last week. In a cottage near that city, a number of persons were holding a wake over the remains of a relative, when a bolt of lightning descended the chimney, and, striking the coffin, which was near the fireplace, broke it open, and instantly killed two of the watchers. The electric fluid then made a circuit of the chamber, causing the half-dozen other occupants of the room to faint from the shock. It was many hours before any of them recovered.

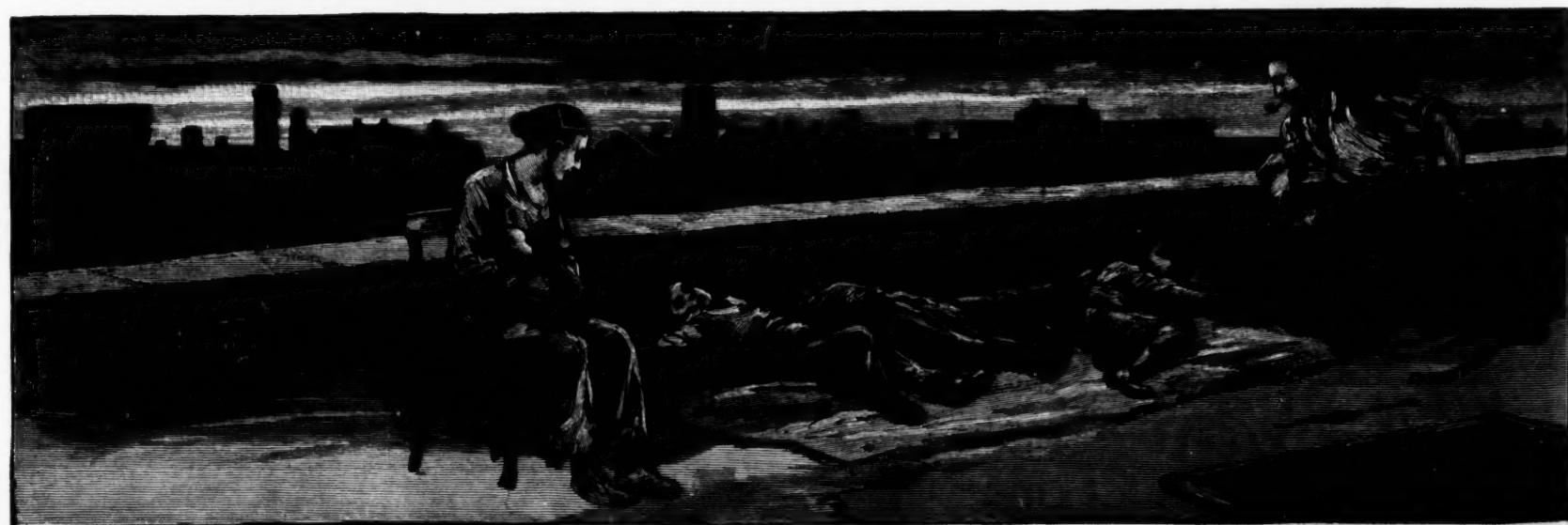
A PAMPHLET has appeared in Paris attacking the Panama Canal enterprise. The cover bears the imprint of a sarcophagus, and the work is dedicated to "The Victims of the Panama Craze." The pamphlet gives an account of the mortality among the workmen employed in making the canal; describes in anecdotal form the state of things on the Isthmus; tells of the "heedless squandering of the French public's money"; and in conclusion states that of the twenty-one sections of the canal, only five are yet in anything like an advanced state of construction.

EELS are consumed in London in such quantities that the home supply is not equal to the demand. Besides Scotland and Ireland, Germany now sends large numbers of eels; but the chief foreign importations come from Holland, which is said to contribute 1,000 tons annually. The Dutch traders claim special privileges under a grant of George III., and from time immemorial have moored their vessels free of dues at the Dutch Pier, opposite the Custom House. Most of the Dutch eels are caught in the Zuider Zee in the Autumn and early Winter, and are kept in reservoirs until ready for the market.

THE widow of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson has erected a mausoleum to his memory in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. The tomb is a chapel in miniature, Gothic in style and built of Connecticut granite. It is eighteen feet six inches wide, twenty-two feet six inches to the top of the crosses which cap each gable-end. The entrance is through an arched doorway, which will be closed in Summer by a bronze gate, and in Winter by a heavy oaken door. A sarcophagus of white marble, which is to receive the remains of the dead Bishop, will stand in the centre of the interior. Catacombs to receive the members of the family are in each wing, four on each side, to which marble slabs will be fitted.



NEW YORK CITY.—BENEFICIARIES OF THE FRESH-AIR FUND—BEFORE AND AFTER.

NEW YORK CITY.—A SULTRY AUGUST NIGHT—THE ROOF OF A TENEMENT.
SEE EDITORIAL ON PAGE 801.



THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE COUNTRY—PREPARING TO "TAKE" THE VILLAGE STORE.

SEE PAGE 394.

F. Ober

The Shadow from Varraz.

BY PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—"AFTER WRONG, RIGHT; DAY
DONE, COMES NIGHT."

IBREAKFASTED alone the next morning. Neither the Lady Ilga nor any others of the family at the castle were yet arisen. And, strangely enough, Count Varraz hadn't returned home!

After breakfast, leaving word for the count that I had waited for him until late, I set out for a walk.

I walked leisurely, looking at the bright Spring landscape, stopping here to pick a flower, there to listen to a bird-song, quiet, careless, motiveless, until I was out of sight of the castle. An observer then would have wondered whether I had to go somewhere on urgent business; whether any one's life was in danger. Some one's was.

I went straight to the prison of which I have written much. It began to seem quite the natural thing to go there about once in so long a time. It was agreeable, this time, to go of my own free will, and to go undisguised. It is a world of suffering; life is a continual warfare; one dies that another may live. It was another's turn to suffer now; how happy I was. The fittest survive; how I gloried in my life and vigor.

I had the papers with me which I had taken from the house of William Viesterbrock, but there was no need for reference to them, I found, and I did not produce them at all. The chief officer at the prison heard my story, so much of it as I thought best to tell, and at once agreed to go with me to arrest Count Varraz. In the meantime, would I dine with him? I would. I did.

It was well towards night when we rode away from the little town near the prison, well mounted on a couple of good black horses.

We went first to the house of William Viesterbrock. I thought it unlikely that the count had been confined there all day long, and believed we were losing time in going there. My friend insisted. He had some good arguments. He had, moreover, official authority. We went.

The house was not occupied. The Count Varraz had escaped. He had found out in some way just where the bolt which held the door against him was located, had blown it off by means of a pistol-shot, and thus regained his freedom.

We went down to the gate. We mounted our horses. We set out for Castle Varraz.

It was evening when we reached the castle. I had never seen it look more beautiful, lighted as it was from top to bottom, and with the great trees all about it, and glimpses of the river beyond. I almost regretted my errand there.

We dismounted. We tied the horses. It was too much at home to make it necessary for us to send an announcement of our coming. We entered the castle at once.

We went first to my room. I tossed the manuscript of the words which William Viesterbrock had written into a valise of mine, locked it, and put the key in my pocket. We took a little time to arrange the details of our plans, then we started out to put them in execution.

We went to the library; Count Varraz was not there. We went to the great drawing-room; he was not there. Looking from the window, I saw Lady Ilga upon the lawn; the sight gave me an idea. The Count Varraz would scarcely have been a welcome visitor at her own rooms when she was present; in her absence we might find him there.

Accordingly we went to the private parlor of the Lady Ilga. The door into the hall was open. The count sat at the table, reading some book, waiting for the return of his sister, most likely. We entered the room. I knew by the look upon his face when he saw us that he knew our errand. I felt that he was utterly surprised; that he was unarmed; that he knew he had only his cunning and his denials to rely upon. Yet he did not show despair. He was ready to fight for his liberty to the last, and, as he had nothing but his shrewdness with which to do battle now, we might count on a brilliant effort of sophistry and ill-considered logic.

I would have been glad to have found the Count Varraz in another room. The room where I had helped my darling back to her perfect self again seemed half sacred to me; the presence of the count seemed to profane it. There were still the rows of medicine-bottles upon the shelves, silent signs of her sorrow and her suffering. In one corner of the room was the powerful battery which had sent currents of electricity along her nerves so many, many times. Nearer the table stood a battery of Leyden jars, the terminal wires hanging loosely where her hands might, perhaps, have let them fall while I was still hopeless and her doctor hopeful.

I was hard to think of this man sitting here, surrounded by the signs of the cruel past he had made possible for the woman I loved. I hoped my official friend would see that the scene which we must witness would be very short.

I think the officer felt something of what I did. He made no preliminary explanation. Standing near the count, he said one harsh sentence, in three words:

"I arrest you."

The count looked up and smiled—actually smiled.

"Pray be seated," he said to my friend, motioning him towards a seat, and entirely ignoring my presence. "Arrested? May I inquire on whose complaint?"

I am of the opinion that men who propose to brave out a matter of this sort usually request information regarding the crime of which they

are accused. The count evidently surprised the officer by attacking the subject from another standpoint.

He accepted the count's invitation, and took the proffered seat. I remained standing.

"May I inquire on whose complaint?" said the count again, his voice a little louder and in a little higher key.

"On the complaint of Mr. Sylvester," replied the officer, making a gesture towards me.

The count turned towards me. He pretended to be aware of my presence for the first time.

"Pray be seated also, Mr. Sylvester," he said. I shook my head.

"Remain standing, then; it is quite as well. So you have made a complaint of some sort against me, have you, my dear young friend?"

"I have."

"It will do you no good. In the first place, the Lady Ilga is mad. In the second place, you might not win her if she were sane. Third and last, your ambition to rule here in my stead would find other obstacles in its way than myself; devoid of ordinary penetration and common sense, you have confounded my identity with that of another person, again and again; I have a brother called Frederick Varraz."

"Of the two twin brothers, Frederick and Carl Varraz, the former was delicate from his birth, while the latter had strong and vigorous health," said I.

The count quailed. Well he might. It was the opening sentence of the "Words of William Viesterbrock" which I had quoted.

But he recovered himself in a moment.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sylvester," he said; "I really supposed, notwithstanding the fact that you've lived here, under one name or another, for many days, that you didn't know the Count Varraz had a brother."

"I certainly know you; how could you be so mistaken as to think I did not?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Because of the difference in health, their parents called Carl the older, though Frederick was really born several minutes first," I said, quietly. That was the second sentence in the manuscript.

"You speak in riddles," said the count, coldly, "unless you intend to extort blackmail from me by such an absurd story as that. I assure you in the beginning that such a scheme will not work."

"It certainly will not," I said, sternly; "you will find me as hard to bribe as you found William Viesterbrock."

"What do you mean?" said the count.

"Many things," said I; "among others, the fact that I listened to the reading of a very interesting document by you, last night, and was highly pleased at your comments upon it."

The count picked up one of the wires from the battery of Leyden jars, and nervously rolled and twisted it in his fingers. He turned towards the officer, smiling yet.

"If I can correctly judge by what this gentleman says, the charges against me are likely to be quite broad and quite numerous. Am I right?"

"You are right," said the officer.

"Will you mention some of the crimes of which I am accused—just a few of the most important?" he asked with a sneer.

"The murder of the nurse Hilda."

The count laughed.

"You've already hung two men for that crime, I believe, though one of them was hung less thoroughly than his general character would warrant. The latter left a confession on file, did he not?"

"Yes, but—"

"That is enough. What else?"

"I also arrest you for the murder of your cousin, William Viesterbrock."

"On what evidence?"

"On the evidence of what Mr. Sylvester, who was concealed in a closet in the room you visited last night, heard you read and say."

"Very well. I am one of the heirs of William Viesterbrock. I had duly delegated legal authority to visit his late residence and examine his papers and personal effects. It is scarcely necessary to say that either Mr. Sylvester was not present in the room with me last evening and night, or that his presence was in itself a crime. My knowledge of the man leads me to think it very likely he was there."

The count paused and glared at me. "Suppose he was," he continued; "what then? I read some extracts from certain papers which were afterwards stolen. I made absolutely no comments whatever. And what do these wonderful papers contain? I presume you have seen them. If so, you know that my statements are the simple truth. The two opening sentences have been quoted by Mr. Sylvester, who has evidently taken great pains to commit them to memory. What are the facts in the case? I have been the count for years. My parents always asserted that I was the oldest. We have the assertion of an old woman, angry at the refusal of a ridiculous request which she had made of me, that I am not entitled to the honors I have. Then what? The man who wrote this thing admits himself my enemy. He boasts of how he tried to force me to give up my rights. I neither admit it nor deny it. I simply say—what of it? Hans killed the nurse Hilda; I don't know why; I don't care. The assassination of William Viesterbrock was the occasion of an attack on me as well. His murderers were never traced, it is true, but who was ever mad enough to even think I did it? One last thing more. The papers contain their own condemnation; I assert that they are forgeries. They killed me. I made a brave fight. But they took my life. That was yesterday, the papers say. That proves them false. Death ends all. I am—"

He paused. The darkness had deepened, and the but slightly lighted room was full of gloomy

shadows. Through the gathering night I saw the awful pallor and horror on the face of the count, as he looked out into the brightly lighted, broad hall. He sat where he could see the whole length of the hall; I, where I could see but little of it. Along the floor lay the shadow of a tall man, bearing a torch in his hand. I saw but the shadow. The count could see the substance—if there was substance.

"Death ends all," he shrieked; "it does; it does; it does."

He paused. The shadow did not move.

"Does it? Does it?" he wailed; "I—I am—I am guilty! Go! go! William Viesterbrock!"

He stooped down. He took in his hand the other wire from the Leyden battery. A blue flame seemed to leap out to meet it. A spasm shook him. That was all.

Without trial; without disgrace and dishonor to the name; Frederick was Count Varraz at last!

After Wrong, Right!

"Did you see it? What was it?" cried the officer to me; "leave the dead with the servants. Come!"

I followed him. There were hurrying steps before us along the hall and on the stairs. Some one sprang on to the back of a gaunt white horse on the lawn, waved a blazing resinous torch above his head, and was away like the wind.

We mounted our horses and followed.

I have read of many remarkable races. I have, since the night of which I write, followed the hounds in England, full of enthusiasm and a hopeful faith that the hounds, in turn, had a fox somewhere ahead of them. Once upon a time I took the most prominent part in an interesting scene which included riding bareheaded and in a hurry into a Western mining camp, while a grizzly bear in the background of the picture—not so remarkably far in the background—did his best to "beat the record." But I've never seen nor read of a ride which quite paralleled the one in which I took part that night.

Away with my friend, our horses neck and neck, with the white horse and his strange rider well ahead. Over hedges, over fences, over ditches we went. We plunged through plowed fields. We dashed along muddy roads. When a higher ridge of grassland gave us the opportunity, we urged our horses to still higher rates of speed.

We dashed by the house where I watched and listened the night before. The window was dark and vacant now. Can you guess why?

Past the house. Then, after a little, the road grew darker. We lost the sound of the horse's feet before us. We saw nothing of the steed and rider we had followed.

We thought, for a minute, that we saw the white animal standing in the shadow of a tree. We rode there. It was only a thicket of shrubs with white flowers.

We had lost the horse; he was gone; there was no doubt of that.

Something moved among the dark evergreens in an inclosure to our right. We followed. The night was still. We could hear no sound. But, leaving our horses in the road, we followed the moving form.

Whom do we find? No one.

What? This only: A half-burned-out torch, its blaze just dying away, lying at the foot of a slab of stone. "William Viesterbrock, Died—" were the words I read on the stone by the last faint flicker of the expiring torch.

And this, patient follower of the fates of myself and those whose lives have moved near mine, is another of the marvelous things I cannot explain.

I am certain the authorities have never found the man on the white horse. I think they never will.

I am aware that they have looked further than we rode. For me, the road ended where we made our halt for return; I have never looked beyond the grave of the man by which we found the torch. I remember the last words of Count Varraz. When the authorities give a name to the one their patient investigations still follow, it will be time enough for me to say more than I have done; but I shall never forget that the name Count Varraz gave to the one who changed his ploy from presumptuous innocence to despairing guilt was—William Viesterbrock!

The officer and I stood on the highest ground in the little inclosure—the sacred home of the dead. Not a sound anywhere. No moving shadows. Only the silence, the darkness—

Darkness! A sudden glow shone on the sky.

He caught my arm.

"What?" I asked.

"Castle Varraz," he said.

We hurried to our horses. Faster, if possible, than our chase had been, was our mad race back.

Faster—faster—faster—until it seemed as though the hearts of the steeds we rode would burst with the labor they had to do.

Faster—but the furnace heat was roaring a hundred feet into the air above the highest tower before we had gone a mile.

Faster—and the blazing ruins of the art treasures of the House of Varraz were drifting towards the clouds.

Faster—but the officer found breath to shout that the man we had followed must have fired curtains and tapestry, whatever his motive, before he looked in upon the last moments of the wicked count.

Faster—only a mile more—and towers and battlements swing and sway for a minute—and then there is no shape of human habitation left to the fiery pile.

Faster—up the last slope—across the lawn—

There are the servants. There is the Lady Ilga.

There is Count Frederick Varraz. And—

"The count?" I gasp.

"We were too late," replies the oldest servant, solemnly; "he is in there yet."

Day done, comes night!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—RING DOWN THE CURTAIN.

MY life has been a busy one in the years between then and now. It has been a happy one. Not all joy. Not all pleasure. But the ashes of Castle Varraz lie between me and the days when danger was my daily—nightly—hourly portion. I am growing old in peace.

Count Frederick Varraz lives a loving life among those who serve him willingly. In him, indeed, the haunting dream of my earlier days at Castle Varraz is verified—in him, "the count is saint after all"—or almost worthy to be called one.

Dr. Brajazzi long had the reputation of being a devoted servant of science. He was heard from in the icy regions of the north, among the eternal fields of snow, and in the wilds of Africa. My last information regarding him shows the same unselfish spirit of self-sacrifice; I feel convinced that the historian of the future will have to say that he gave his life for science. I last heard of him in Asia; it was necessary to obtain more information regarding the flora or the fauna, or some other intensely scientific thing, concerning the Himalayas. Brajazzi volunteered to go. Up—up—higher than any balloon can rise. Up, up, higher than any bird can fly. Up to the plateaus of eternal ice, where the roar of the avalanche outvoiced the thunder. Brave Brajazzi!

That was five years ago. He hasn't yet returned.

The colonel is in India—or perhaps, in the interest of that fidelity to truth which has been my aim throughout this narrative, I should say he was.

He never outgrew his interest in the manly pastime of hunting. He recently had a remarkable adventure with a tiger. Unfortunately the exact story will never be told—unless the tiger tells it. And so we come to the time when we must part. I thank you for your patience with much; for your interest in more—I hope.

Farewell! farewell!

Eh? What is that? Not all told?

Did I not say my life had been a happy one? Did I not say it had been a marvelous one? Is there any greater marvel, after all, than the true and tender love of woman? That answers everything.

Of course, I married the Lady Ilga!

THE END.

"TAKING" A VILLAGE GROUP.

MR. OPPER'S picture of a group of village worthies posing in front of the "store" for the ubiquitous amateur photographer is in itself a character-study of almost photographic perfection of detail, enriched with that *souvenir* of caricature which, imparted by the pencil of the genuine humorist,

death in his track. This year its ravages have been great. Following are the statistics from nine towns up to June 20th:

	CASES	DEATHS	RATE PER 100
Osaka, January 1st to June 20th...	4,821	4,122	85.81
Kyōto, January 10th to June 20th...	964	769	77.36
Hyōgo (Kobe), Jan. 2d to June 20th...	1,959	1,466	74.83
Okayama, March 18th to June 20th...	410	113	27.56
Hiroshima, Feb. 29th to June 20th...	720	430	59.72
Wakayama, Jan. 16th to June 20th...	625	444	71.04
Ehime, March 23d to June 20th...	747	459	61.44
Total.....	10,276	7,803	75.13

All the places mentioned lie between the famed Inland Sea and Lake Biwa, the richest locality in Japan. Osaka is *par excellence* the trading centre of Japan; the tea and silk interests are something enormous. Half of the one hundred vessels belonging to this port have been laid up, and the actual loss to the trade of the place will reach millions. It is here that the National Mint is located. Kyōto is a city of temples and palaces. From A. D. 793 it was the capital of the Empire till a few years since, when the last of the Shoguns succumbed to the present Emperor, who established himself at Tokio. Kyōto was said to contain over two million inhabitants, with one hundred Shinto and two hundred and fifty Buddhist temples. It is now supposed to contain about half a million population.

The people live in small, poorly built houses, eat rice and dried fish and drink *saké*—a weak liquor made from rice. The farmers work in water and mud up to their knees, and dress entirely in thin cotton clothing. Some of these things may serve to suggest the cause of the rapid spread and permanent hold of cholera. Our illustrations given elsewhere are from photos supplied by the chaplain of the United States steamship *Omaha*.

A SHINING LIGHT OF TRADE.

ON page 396 will be found a picture representing the illumination of the Chicago Board of Trade Building, to which FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has already devoted several illustrations in previous issues, with a descriptive article in No. 1,592. The elaborate system of electric lighting is one of the notable features of this noble temple of commerce. The grand tower, over 300 feet high, dominating La Salle Street and its neighborhood, takes its place as one of the most conspicuous landmarks of Chicago, looming up into view for miles to lakeward, and over the prairie on the south.

RICH MEN OF EUROPE.

THE London Times says: "For many years the richest individual in all Russia was Herr Steiglitz. When he retired from affairs in 1860 he held property to the value of £2,000,000. But the richest men in the land of the Czars at the present time are the two Noble brothers. They are of Swiss origin. When traveling through interior Russia they saw thousands of acres of land aglow with the light of oil gas. They at once purchased entire districts of the apparently worthless fields, sunk oil wells, and now control more petroleum than any other concern in the world. Their wealth is really beyond calculation, though a correspondent thinks that £80,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate."

"It is to the Rothschilds, however, that belongs the honor of being richest among men. Their united properties—and their properties must be considered as united from their peculiar family and business relations—pass even beyond the millions. In the last twelve years they have loaned to certain European Governments nearly £90,000,000. Their lordly power is shown in a modern instance. In 1866 the Prussian Government demanded an indemnity of £5,000,000 from the City of Frankfort. The head of the Rothschilds house in that city sent word to Count Bismarck that if an attempt was made to force the levy he would break every bank in Berlin, and Bismarck was compelled to give way. The enormous wealth of the Rothschilds is doubly remarkable from the fact that the family was totally unknown a century ago. Inferior only to the Rothschilds are the Baring brothers, who have "at instantaneous command" £60,000,000. It is noteworthy that the Barings owe their commercial rise to an American, Mr. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, who, many years ago, had the house appointed the American agency in London."

"Among the richest of monarchs is the Czar of Russia, who enjoys from his personal estate an income of £2,000,000. The Sultan of Turkey is allowed for the support of his court over £1,200,000; in addition to this he has a private income of £1,000,000. The Emperor of Austria is granted a yearly allowance of £2,500,000."

"There are several noblemen in England who have immense wealth at their command. The Dukes of Buccleuch, Devonshire and Norfolk, and the Marquis of Bute, have each of them rent-rolls of £400,000 per annum. The Duke of Portland, who died recently, left unentailed property of over £2,000,000. The greater part of his palace was constructed underground. His banqueting-hall, ball-room, riding-school, and a number of superb guest-rooms, are veritable tunnels, decorated in a fashion so splendid as to seem, when described, like a story of the Magi."

"Richer even than any of these millionaires is the Duke of Westminster, who undoubtedly has the largest income of any individual in the world. His fortune lies largely in the diametrically opposite regions of London known as the West End and Seven Dials. He owns acre upon acre of the most aristocratic domain in London, and his tenements cover miles in the worst slums in the world. His income quite passes the limit of the credible, and is said by some to amount to £10 a minute."

A WHOLE COUNTY DRAWN FOR JURY DUTY.

THEY have in California a case which is likely to be more celebrated than that of the dynamiters in Chicago. A man charged with murder has been set at liberty, and probably will never be tried again, because every man in the county has been summoned as a juror and found to be incompetent. It may be doubted if there is a parallel to this strange experience in the history of any other county in America.

The prisoner, Prewett, was arrested for murdering Dr. Powers, a man whom the community thought should be lynched. Prewett met the doctor on the highway, and shot him dead. Then, fearing trouble, and knowing the sentiment that existed, he raised a mob for the purpose of lynching the man who was already dead. Swearing all the members of the party to secrecy, Prewett led

them to the place where Powers's body lay, and told them what had happened. He explained to them that they were equally guilty, because they had conspired with him, and that they ought to be thankful for his forethought in relieving them of an unpleasant duty. To have the tragedy properly understood, however, he suggested that the body be hanged to a tree, so that there would be no difference of opinion as to the reason why the victim had been put out of the way. This was agreed to, and the crowd dispersed. In the course of time one member of the lynching party concluded to confess, and on his complaint Prewett was arrested and ultimately brought to trial.

At the first hearing, the facts as here outlined were very clearly brought out, but the jury divided hopelessly and a new trial became necessary. About half of the men in the county had been summoned before the first jury was obtained, and on the second trial all that remained were subpoenaed without securing the requisite number. The majority of the people were fierce partisans either of Powers or Prewett, and it was possible to challenge them for cause. Finding the poll list exhausted and only a fraction of a jury secured, the judge concluded to admit the prisoner to bail, and it is thought that this action will end the case.

THE CONVICT AND DEPENDENT CLASSES.

THE report of Fred. H. Wines, special agent of the Tenth Census, on the defective, dependent and delinquent classes, recently submitted to Congress, shows, among other things, the total number of prisoners confined in jails, workhouses and penitentiaries, etc., in the United States in 1880 to be 58,609, of which 53,604 were males, and 5,005 females; 45,802 natives, and 12,807 foreigners; 41,861 whites, and 16,748 colored. The number of prisoners to each 1,000,000 of population is given as 1,069. In 1870 it was 853. The number of insane persons in the United States in 1880 is given as 91,559, or 1,883 for 1,000,000 of population. In 1870 the total number was 37,432, or 971 for each 1,000,000. Among the insane there are 130 males and 138 females who are also deaf-mutes, 245 males and 283 females who are blind, and 16 males and 14 females who are deaf and dumb and blind. The number of homeless children (16 years and under) in 1880 was 57,423, of which 30,171 were males, and 27,252 females; 55,613 were native-born, and 18,210 of foreign birth. The number of white homeless children is given as 54,883, and that of colored as 25,040.

The number of idiots in the United States reported as receiving special training is 809. This idiotic class has increased from 24,527 in 1870 to 76,895 in 1880. In former years the ratio was 636 to each 1,000,000 of population, and in the latter it was 1,533. The number of the idiotic deaf-mutes is: Male, 1,185; females, 937; idiotic deaf-mutes and blind—males, 107; females, 110; idiotic deaf-mutes and blind—males, 661; females, 525.

The total number of blind in the United States in 1880 was 48,928, or 976 in each 1,000,000 of population. The number of blind reported as receiving instruction is given as 4,691. The number of blind who are also deaf-mutes is: Whites, 84 males and 107 females; colored, 28 males and 27 females. Blind and idiotic—whites, 595 males, 463 females; colored, 66 males, 62 females.

The number of deaf-mutes in the United States in 1880 who are reported to have received special instruction in the various institutions for the deaf and dumb is 12,154. Of all the States, New York furnishes the largest number of this class of persons (1,809), and Florida and Nevada the smallest (6 each). The Territory of Wyoming has none.

The number of outdoor paupers in 1880 is given as—males, 10,290; females, 11,305; 17,902 are natives and 3,693 foreigners; 19,328 white and 2,267 colored.

The number of almshouse paupers in the United States in 1880 was: Males, 35,564; females, 30,639, of which 37,603 were white and 5,717 colored.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND ON THE SEA.

THE San Francisco Call says: "France is coming to the front as a rival of England in steam navigation. The new French liner *La Bourgogne* has made her trial trip across the Atlantic, and, comparing her passage with that of the *Entrée*, the crack Cunarder, making allowance for difference in sailing distances, the French ship is only five and a half hours behind the English. The officers of *La Bourgogne* say that she will completely eclipse her initial performance when her engines get into better working order. *La Bourgogne* is so built and fitted that she can be converted into a war-vessel at short notice. Many English steamers are so built, and the adoption of a system of Government subsidy conditioned on like construction is now agitated in this country. It would result in a 'naval militia' ready for quick conversion to warlike purposes."

France has never lagged behind in naval design and construction. Even when England was sweeping the French Navy from the seas in the early part of this century, it was admitted that French hulls were as good models as were those of England. The English were the better riggers and sailors by nature and training. There has always been a suspicion among naval experts that the introduction of steam, iron-clads, etc., threatened British naval supremacy. The reduction of naval warfare to a scientific and mechanical problem tended to put the French matelot on an equal footing with the dashing British tar. There may be reasons for the suspicion. Sir Edwin Reed, the noted English naval constructor, in a recent magazine article compared British and French iron-clads to the disadvantage of the former. The French fleet presses closely upon that of England in size and efficiency. France lacks the colonial system of England to foster her mercantile marine, but she is reaching out with her steam lines for the trade of the world, and improving her ships and maritime methods. So far as war-vessels are concerned, the attention of England has been aroused to the advances made by her Continental neighbor, which may result in improving her own fleet. If *La Bourgogne* and her sister ships of the French Line yet to be launched break the record for merchant steamers, there will be additional reason for Britannia to look to her laurels. Meantime, the United States seems content to watch the race for naval and commercial supremacy without taking any part therein."

MORE OF KING LUDWIG'S FREAKS.

THE German papers continue to publish details of the mad king's private life, profuse expenditures and eccentric habits. He lavished im-

mense sums on the Castle of Neuschwanstein. Guarding the door of the king's private rooms was a curious ornament of the king's own design, consisting of a magnificent silver palm-tree, eight feet high, laden with fruit, at the foot of which crouched a horrible gray dragon sapping the roots. Who knows if the poor mad king did not mean to illustrate his own magnificent physique and intelligence attacked by the most terrible of diseases, namely, hereditary insanity? Neuschwanstein is built on the extreme edge of the plateau, and when the king was on the balcony of the fifth-floor room he was able to gaze down into a chasm over one thousand feet deep. With his horror of daylight he would retire to rest at daybreak, and remain in artificially darkened rooms all day.

The ceilings of each of his bedrooms were painted dark blue, and through pieces of glass cut in the shape of stars soft light shone on the royal sleeper. An artificial moon was likewise arranged in the ceiling, artificial palm-trees surrounded the bed, and through branches thereof might be seen at one end of the room an artificial waterfall. He would never rise until five o'clock in the afternoon. The whole palace had to be brilliantly lighted up every evening with some eight thousand wax candles, at a nightly cost of over \$1,000. One of his pet crazes was about Louis XIV. of France, and on the anniversary of the latter's birth he would dine *en tête-à-tête* with a marble bust of the "Grand Monarque," to which he would address the most "talon-rouge" compliments.

In one room there was a fine portrait of Marie Antoinette of France, which no one was allowed to pass without prostrating himself before it. He insisted that the servants who waited on him at table should do so on their knees without looking up. If they forgot this injunction by any mischance His Majesty would box their ears, kick them, or else spit in their face. Latterly it appears that he used to suffer terribly from pains in the back of his head, which were so severe that he used to wear a kind of gutta-percha cap filled with ice at his meals.

With reference to his urgent desire to obtain funds for the continuance of his building operations, it is shown that he sent emissaries requesting loans, among others, to the Emperors of Austria and Brazil, to the Sultan, to the Shah and to the King of Sweden. He succeeded in obtaining money from Queen Isabella of Spain and from the ex-Khedive of Egypt.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A SIMPLE and convenient way of obtaining the weight of cast-iron when the number of cubic inches is known is to divide the number of cubic inches by four, and then add one per cent. of the cubic inches. The result is exactly the same as if it had been multiplied by .26, the weight of one cubic inch.

PANORAMIC photographs in connection with military surveying and the like are taken by a simple French instrument called the cylindrograph. A semicircular cylinder, having a small lens in the centre, moves on an axis, and is provided with a dark slide of some material that bends without breaking. When a view is to be taken the lens is moved from one side of the landscape to the other.

A NEW concrete now being used quite extensively in France is composed of eight parts sand gravel and pebbles, one part powdered cinders and one and a half parts unslaked hydraulic lime. These materials are thoroughly beaten together, the mixture forming a concrete which sets almost immediately and becomes in a few days extremely hard and solid. It may be improved by the addition of one part cement.

A CEMENT that will resist sulphuric acid, even at boiling heat, may be made by melting caoutchouc at a gentle heat, and stirring in from six to eight per cent. of talc. Then mix in enough dry slacked lime to make the whole the consistency of soft paste, after which add about twenty-five per cent. of red lead, which causes the mass to set hard and dry. A mixture of caoutchouc in twice its weight of linseed oil, and the addition of an equal amount of pipe-clay, will form a paste that will resist the action of most acids.

MR. EUGENE ALLEN, of Milan, Mich., has perfected an instrument for the transfusion of blood directly from one animal or person into another, which promises to overcome the only heretofore existing obstacle to the success of this operation, the clotting of blood and dangers following from injection of such clots. In recent experiments a sick sheep was placed at one end of the instrument and a healthy one at the other, and a very visible change for the better was the result in the sick one. The other was then allowed to bleed as long as blood would flow, and was resuscitated by blood taken from a calf.

A REGULATION as old as the French Academy of Sciences has just been broken through in Paris. Women have hitherto been excluded from the sittings of the Academy, but at a recent meeting the interdiction was raised in favor of Mlle. Sophie Kowalewska, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Stockholm, and daughter of the eminent paleontologist. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, who presided, welcomed her in graceful terms, and said that her presence should be a cause of pride and pleasure, not only to the mathematicians present, but to the whole Academy. As she entered, the whole of the members rose to salute her. She took her place between General Favre and M. Chevreul.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 25TH.—In Albany, N. Y., James McQuade, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of that city, aged 66 years. July 26th.—In New York, Hubert O. Thompson, leader of the County Democracy, aged 37 years; in Panama, the Rev. W. G. Garrison, connected with the South American missions; in Cambridge, Mass., Charles Francis Conant, formerly holder of various public offices, aged 51 years; in Canton, Mass., John Revere, President of the Revere Copper Company, aged 64 years. July 28th.—In New York, John G. Flammer, a prominent German resident, aged 80 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., William H. Foster, Secretary of the National Federation of Trade, aged 37 years. July 29th.—In Waterbury, Conn., John C. Booth, a prominent business man, aged 78 years; in Rome, N. Y., D. M. K. Johnson, a prominent member of the Oneida County Bar, aged 72 years. July 30th.—In New York, Herbert D. Ward, senior member of the prominent coal firm of Ward & Olyphant, aged 60 years; in Newark, N. J., Dr. Max Kuechler, eminent German physician and scientist, aged 57 years. July 31st.—In Atlanta, Ga., Judge Henry K. McKay, of the United States Court for the Northern District of Georgia.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISHOP O. W. WHITTAKER has accepted the office of Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

SECRETARY MANNING has gone to Watch Hill, R. I., where he will spend the remainder of the summer.

MISS ELLEN TERRY's voice has failed so much of late that fears are expressed of its permanent impairment.

COMMANDER DANIEL L. BRAINE, of Arctic fame, has been selected Commander of the South Atlantic Squadron.

THE late Cardinal Guibert of Paris to the day of his death slept on a coarse straw mattress in a barely furnished room.

AUGUST BELMONT is going to build a chapel in Island Cemetery, at Newport, R. I., in memory of his daughter buried there.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY receives 200 letters a day, and answers half of them. Many of them come from cranks of the wildest sort.

THE Empress of Austria, the best horsewoman in the empire, has sold her stables, and by order of her physician, will never mount the saddle again.

THE Czar has written an autograph letter to the Sultan, expressing amicable sentiments, and trusting that their relations will always remain friendly.

THE head bookkeeper of the American Baptist Publication Society, William P. Pierson, is a defaulter to the amount of \$30,000, which he acknowledged having lost in speculation.

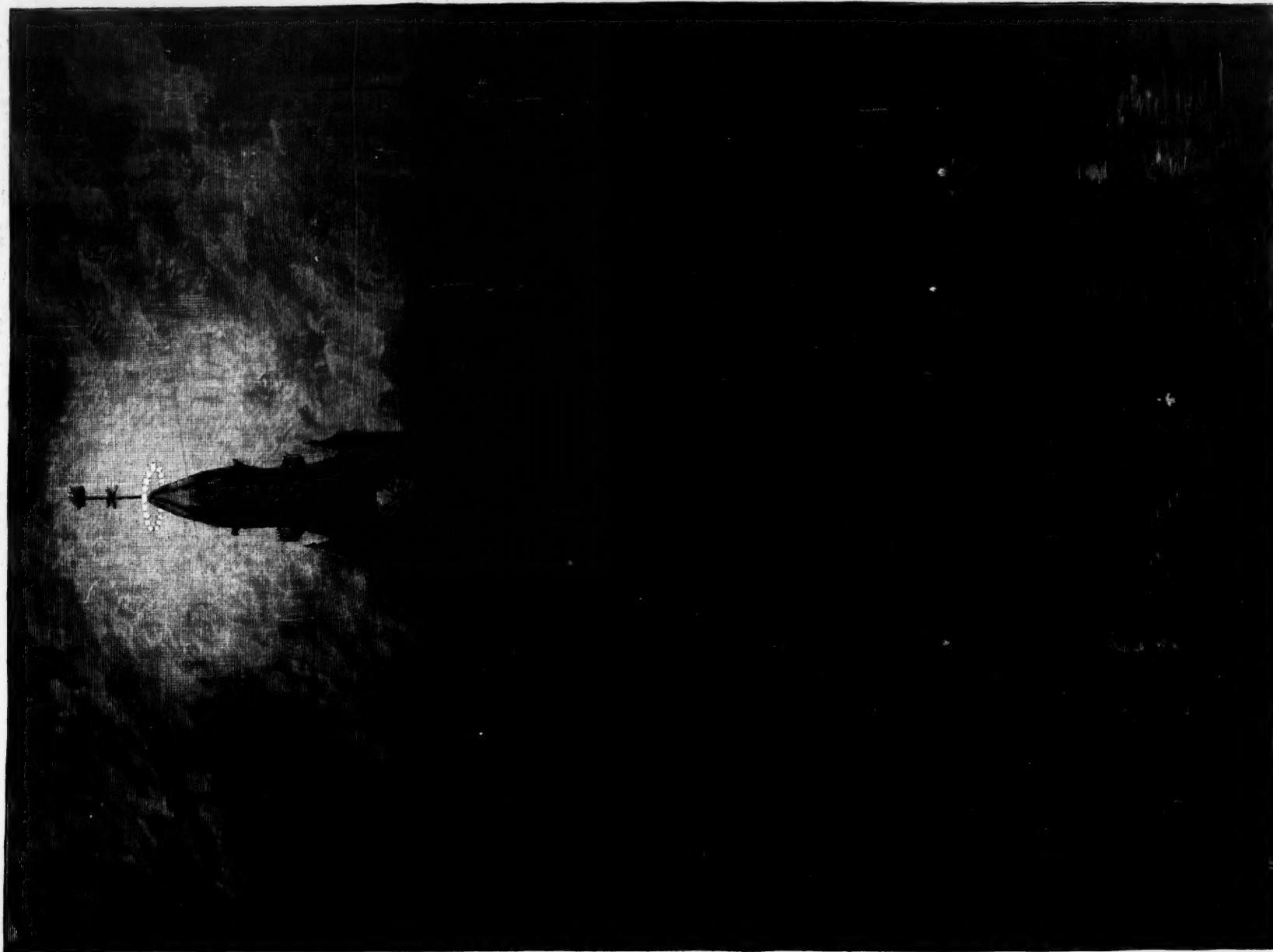
IT is stated that the President and Mrs. Cleveland will go to the Adirondacks about the middle of August. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Folsom and several intimate friends. The trip will cover from four to six weeks.

THERE will be a veritable "man milliner" in the new British Parliament in the person of Mr. Isaacson, Tory member for Stepney, whose business alias is Mme. Elise, of Regent Street. His millinery establishment is very fashionable and profitable.

MADAME JUDIC has just signed contract for a short tour in Denmark and Scandinavia. She begins her tour at Copenhagen on the 1st of September. The number of performances has been fixed at fifteen, and for these she will receive 30,000 francs and traveling expenses.

THE President has nominated Alvey A. Ade, now Third Assistant Secretary of State, to be Second Assistant Secretary of State, vice William Hunter, deceased; John B. Moore to be Third Assistant Secretary of State; and E. Spencer Pratt, of Alabama, to be Minister Resident and Consul-general of the United States to Persia.

THE country will be glad to learn that the extravagant stories of the alleged domestic unhappiness of Mrs. Sartoris, the daughter of General Grant, and his cruel treatment by her husband and his family, are altogether without foundation. It is stated on the authority of the Grant family, that her life abroad is a cheerful one, and that she is happy in it, and that instead of being poor as has been alleged, the senior Sartoris is



ILLINOIS.—THE TOWER OF THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRICITY.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 395.



NEW YORK.—RUNNING THE RAPIDS, USABLE CHASM.
SEE PAGE 394.

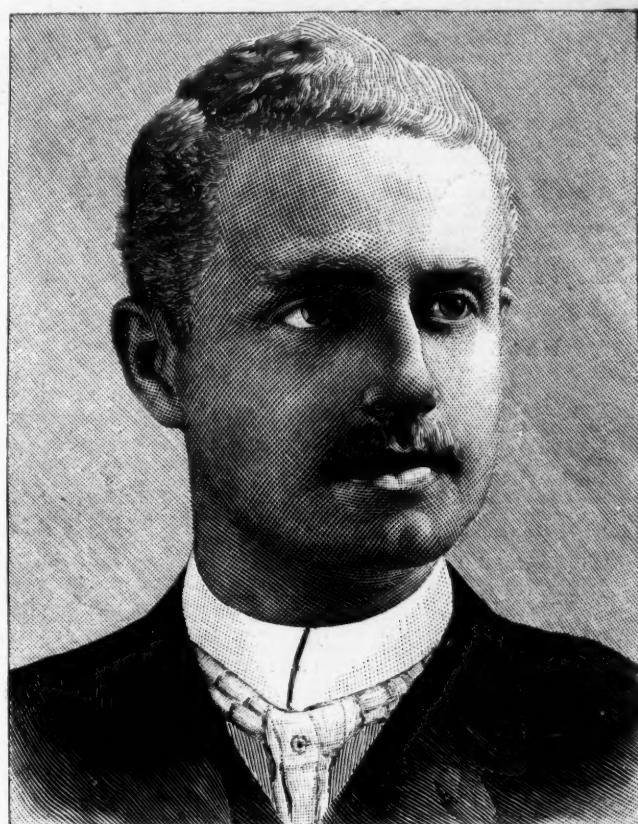


NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE HUBERT O. THOMPSON.
PHOTO. BY PACH.

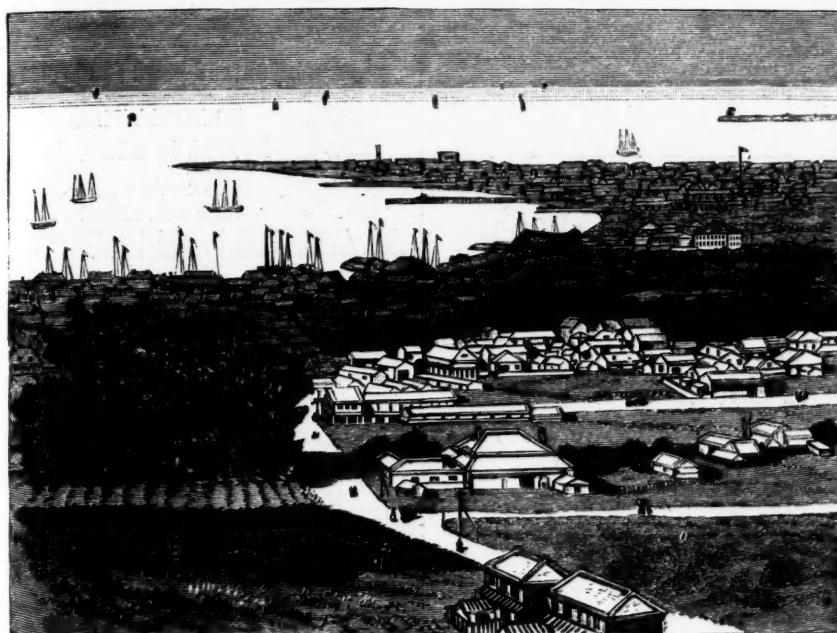
ency, he, with others, formed the powerful and compact County Democracy, consolidating therein all the principal enemies of Tammany. His first victory over Kelly was in 1879. At that time the County Clerk's office, held by Tammany, in the person of Henry A. Gumbleton, was one of its entrenchments. Governor Robinson, anticipating Kelly's hostility on his renomination, determined to weaken Tammany by every means within his control. He wanted a strong man for his purpose, and he selected Thompson, whom, in March, he appointed County Clerk, in place of Gumbleton. Thompson captured the office and papers by a flank movement at midnight, and Gumbleton procured his arrest. In a week he was brought out of confinement on habeas corpus, and the Grand Jury refusing to find a bill against him, he remained in possession of the position. In December, 1880, Tammany and the County Democracy again joined issues, the result being that the Tammanyites were cleaned out of all the municipal offices and Thompson was appointed Commissioner of Public Works. He held this office until 1884, when, on the closing day of the year, Mayor Edson displaced him for Rollin M. Squire. He continued, however, to exercise great power over Democratic politics, and failing to secure the Collectorship of New York for himself, got it for his friend, the present incumbent, and is believed to have dictated most of the Custom House appointments.

The deceased had a strong face, a robust body, and much geniality of manner when he chose to exercise it. He was a shrewd observer of men, and obtained a large share of his influence by going among the people and "cultivating" their ward leaders. He was a member of the Amsterdam, New York, Manhattan, Turf and Athletic Clubs. He was also a member of the Democratic National Committee of New York, and of the State Democratic Executive Committee.

He left but a small estate, one estimate placing it at only \$5,000, showing that he had never used the power he possessed for purposes of personal emolument.



PRINCE DOM AUGUSTO LEOPOLDO, GRANDSON OF DOM PEDRO,
EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.
PHOTO. BY MORA.



The Harbor of Kobe.



Plowing a Rice-field.

SCENES IN THE CHOLERA-INFECTED REGION OF JAPAN.—FROM PHOTOS.

THE LATE HUBERT O. THOMPSON.

THE sudden death of Hubert O. Thompson, the leader of the County Democracy of New York city, which occurred on the 26th of July, created a genuine sensation in political circles. He had been in ill health for some months, but he did not summon a physician until a few days before his decease, and it was then supposed that his illness would speedily give way to appropriate remedies. But on the morning of the day named he was found dead in his bed, death having been caused by cerebral apoplexy.

Mr. Thompson was born in Boston Harbor, in 1848, while his father, a young artist, was on his way to Rome. Some years later the family removed to New York city, and young Thompson, after acquiring a good education, entered upon a business career. When but twenty-two years of age he went into politics. Allan Campbell, Commissioner of Public Works, made him his Deputy, and when John Kelly reorganized Tammany, Thompson went into it and worked faithfully with it until 1877. Then he had a personal difference with Kelly, and seceded to the Irving Hall Democracy; but seeing that this organization lacked force and persist-



JAPAN.—CREMATORIUM AT KYÔTO, WHERE CHOLERA VICTIMS ARE BURNED.
SEE PAGE 394.

A BRAZILIAN ROYAL MIDDY.

DOM AUGUSTO LEOPOLDO, the young Brazilian Prince, who came to New York with the war-ship *Almirante de Barroso*, early in June, left here for Newport last Wednesday. His excursion to Coney Island, on the Monday previous, in company with a number of Brazilian officers and distinguished New Yorkers, was signalized by the farce of an alleged attempt to blow up the steamboat *Sylvan Stream*, by means of a beer-bottle and fuse. The episode was not a success as a scare, but it served, no doubt, as a picturesque addition to the visitor's impressions of American manners and customs.

Dom Augusto Leopoldo Felipe Marin Miguel Gabriel Raphael Gonzague, Duke of Saxe, is the grandson of Dom Pedro II., the Emperor of Brazil, who visited us some ten years ago. His mother was Leopoldina, the younger of the Emperor's two daughters. She is now dead. His father, like himself, is the Duke of Saxe, and Admiral in the Brazilian Navy. The Prince, whose portrait we give, has inherited the blonde complexion of his German father, and does not look like a South American. He is an amiable young man of nineteen, and speaks English

and French fluently. He is a midshipman on board the *Barroso*, and his imperial grandfather's orders are that he shall be nothing but a midshipman. He attended the naval school at Rio de Janeiro, where he was born in 1867, and is now one of a class of twenty-nine midshipmen on board the man-of-war. The heiress-apparent to the throne of Brazil is his aunt Isabella, Dom Pedro's elder daughter, who married Gaston d'Orleans, Comte d'Eu. She has three children, who are next in the line of succession, and then comes the Prince.

The *Almirante de Barroso* is a bark-rigged cruiser of about 2,000 tons, carrying eight rifled guns, numerous Gatling and Hotchkiss guns, and a crew of 307 officers and men. After his visit to Newport, Prince Augusto will make an extended cruise in his ship, returning home in October.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE President has appointed George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Interior, to be Solicitor-general in place of John Goode.

THE total production of pig-iron in the United States during the first six months of the present year amounted to 2,954,209 tons, against 2,150,816 tons for the same period last year.

IT is reported that the war spirit against Mexico is rampant throughout Texas. Many volunteer companies have been organized, ready at a moment's notice to pass beyond the border in the event of hostilities between the two republics over the Cutting affair. The feeling has been intensified by the reports that the Mexicans are moving troops near the border.

AN organization known as the Conservators' League of America has been formed in Chicago. Its object is to unite all men who believe in the supremacy of the law and are willing to co-operate in conserving alike the rights of the employer and the employed, to protect business from disorders and from all unlawful interference, and to promote a better understanding of the true relations between the employer and the employee.

MAYOR GRACE of New York has cited Rollin M. Squire, Commissioner of Public Works, to appear before him to show why he should not be dropped from office. He is charged by the Mayor with seven specific offenses; the most serious charge being that he made a corrupt and illegal agreement, bargain and promise with Maurice B. Flynn for the purpose of securing appointment to the office of Commissioner of Public Works. The letter on which this bargain was based is in the possession of the Mayor.

FOREIGN.

THE German Army is arranging a celebration in honor of the forthcoming ninetieth birthday of the Emperor, which is intended to be fully worthy of the occasion.

TURKEY is making large additions to her armament. Herr Krupp has received a large order from the Government. It is proposed to purchase 400,000 American rifles.

THE disorder in Burmah has reached such a point that troops are being sent forward from Bombay, and Upper Burmah has been divided into four great Commissionerships.

THE departure of Lord Lieutenant Aberdeen from Dublin, this week, will be made the occasion of a great popular demonstration. His administration has been exceptionally successful, and he is held in the highest respect by all classes of Irishmen.

The balloon *Torpilleur*, fitted with a patented steering and propelling apparatus, managed by the aeronaut L'Hoste and the astronomer Mangot, ascended from Cherbourg, France, at eleven o'clock last Thursday evening, crossed the English Channel, and descended in London at six o'clock Friday morning. The aerial navigators will return to Cherbourg, and attempt a voyage from that place to Norway.

HENRY MATTHEWS, the new Home Secretary in the Salisbury Cabinet, was counsel for Mr. Crawford in the recent divorce case. His appointment caused more general surprise than any other made by the present Government. It was due to the suggestion of the Queen, who was charmed by his vindication of the sanctities of English home life. He may be placed in a delicate position, as he may have the responsibility of deciding whether Dilke shall be prosecuted for perjury.

THE Amsterdam riots, which began on Sunday, the 25th ult., and lasted all through the Monday following, were fomented by Socialistic agitators. Among the fifty persons who have been arrested in connection with the affair are Fortuyn, a writer of seditious pamphlets, and Mrs. Eshervs, President of the Women's Socialist Society. The total casualties of the outbreak are twenty-five persons killed and ninety wounded. The immediate provocation of the mobs resulted from the interference of the police with the traditional eel-killing games of the Dutch capital. These games consist in the competitive spearing of live and squirming eels, suspended by the tail upon lines across the canals.

DEATH-RATES AND OCCUPATIONS.

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal* says: "The death-rate of different occupations yields some curious results. Taking as a basis of comparison the mortality of all males of similar ages in England and Wales as 1,000, the death-rate of the class mentioned is compared with this as a standard. When the rate of the examined class exceeds this number, that class forms an example of unhealthy occupations; when it falls short, it belongs to the healthy occupations. Thus, the first place among healthy occupations is held by ministers of religion, the death-rate of this class being 556. Next, we have gardeners and nurserymen, who stand at 599; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural laborers, 701; schoolmasters, 719; the other trades which follow closely on these being grocers, coal merchants, paper manufacturers, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, shipbuilders and shipwrights and coal miners. The figure of mortality for all these trades is under 775. On the other side, that of the unhealthy occupations, the first place is held by the trades which are concerned in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating drink, and which, as is well known, entail many temptations to drink

it to excess. The list of unhealthy occupations is headed by the class of inn and hotel servants, whose figure mounts up to 2,205, being nearly double that of the medical profession. The highest places next to them are held by the general laborers in London and by costermongers, hawkers and street-sellers, the former class with 2,020, the latter with 1,879. It is probable that both are largely made up of broken men, the wrecks of other callings. Inn-keepers, publicans, spirit, wine and beer dealers follow, with a figure of 1,521, and brewers with 1,361. In support of the belief that these high rates of mortality are chiefly due to alcoholic excess, Dr. Ogle has compared with them the mortality assigned to diseases of the liver, the organ through which such excess chiefly declares itself, and has obtained results which are entirely in harmony with those of the trade returns. Next to the trades concerned with alcohol, the highest rates are furnished by occupations which involve the breathing of dust—other than coal-dust—and especially of dust of a sharp and gritty character or largely composed of mineral matter; next, those in which there is exposure to lead poisoning, as with plumbers, painters and filemakers. The earthenware manufacturers, who are much exposed to mineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; filemakers, who work upon a leather cushion, reach 6,167; and plumbers and painters, who are also exposed to lead, reach 1,202. It will furnish a remarkable contradiction to a prevailing impression—that butchers have a high death-rate, their figures of mortality amounting to 1,170, the causes of death among them being partly due to the disease of intemperance and partly to phthisis and other maladies from which they have long been supposed to enjoy an especial immunity."

EDISON'S NEW IDEA.

In a recent interview with a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, Thomas Edison, the electrician, referred as follows to an idea which he has been for some time considering: "As soon as I can find time to go to Florida, I am going to make some experiments with earth-currents. I cannot do it here in New Jersey, because there is too much mineral in the soil. In Florida it is all sand. There are currents of electricity passing all the time through the earth; their directions, however, are unknown. I propose to arrange eight currents, radiating in as many directions from a central point. I will place a man at each circuit to test the power of the currents. It is well known that if an earth-current crosses a wire at right angles there is but little if any appreciable effect made upon it. The greatest power is felt where the wire and currents run in parallel directions. In Boston I have run a wire six hours with the aurora borealis without battery. If I had had a rod at that time running from New York to Boston, I would have had electric power enough on it to run all the machinery in Boston."

"After you understand the earth's currents, what then?"

"Well, a knowledge of them may revolutionize telegraphy. It may revolutionize the meteorological bureau system and make it possible to forecast the weather exactly. I have an idea that it may do something still greater, but I do not care to talk about it at present. Telegraphic wires sooner or later will be a thing of the past, I believe. They are expensive and cumbersome, and why use them if you can make an instrument that will be sensitive to the natural earth-currents?"

FUN.

It used to be asked about the society man, "What is his business?" Now, however, the inquiry should be, "Who is his father-in-law?"—*New York* *Mail*.

In Iowa when a commercial tourist drops his gripsack in a hotel of a Prohibition town he registers and asks: "In which room did you say I would find my letters?" "I will show you myself," says the landlord, as they disappear up-stairs.

It was at a dinner-table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "Oh," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements. "I know what dynamite is." "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It's something that you blasphemous rocks with," Jack explained.

"Do you like a mustache?" he asked, as he sat beside her gazing on the rising moon; "I ask because there are young ladies who say they are horrid." "I don't know," she replied, innocently, "whether I like one or not. I never had one on my lip." "Oh!" he exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath; then he drew her closer, and there was a sound as if a bird had chirped.—*Boston Courier*.

STRUCK BY A STREAK OF LUCK.

THE TREASURER OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE SETS \$5,000 ON A ONE-DOLLAR INVESTMENT IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

ONE of the happiest little families in New York is that of John H. Bones, the well-known and popular treasurer of the Grand Opera House. He resides with his wife and two pretty baby daughters on the second floor of the neat flat-house, 349 West Forty-fifth Street. For the last four months Mr. Bones and three of his friends of the Grand Opera House have been chipping in twenty-five cents weekly to purchase one-fifth of a ticket in the Louisiana Lottery. On July 5th the Grand Opera House closed, and on the following day Mr. Bones went to Windsor, Canada, for a vacation. Before starting, however, he wrote to a friend in New Orleans, inclosing \$1, and asking him to purchase one-fifth of a ticket in the next drawing of the lottery, at the same time telling his wife to examine carefully the number of the ticket when it arrived at his house, and to buy the *Daily News* on Wednesday, July 14th, so that she could compare the number of the ticket with the numbers of the capital prizes in the *News*. When Mrs. Bones saw that ticket No. 77,227 had drawn the second capital prize of \$25,000 she could scarcely believe her eyes, for that was the number of the fifth ticket which she had received, and consequently her husband was entitled to \$5,000. She immediately cut out the dispatch in the *News* and forwarded it in a note to her husband. The latter, upon verifying his good luck, lost no time in returning to this city. He went at once to Adams Express Company, where he exchanged his ticket for a receipt of \$5,000. On Tuesday last the express company delivered to him a canvas bag containing 250 twenty-dollar gold pieces. Yesterday Mr. Bones deposited \$2,000 in bank in his own name, \$1,000 in that of his wife, and \$1,000 in each of his children's. Most of the money was deposited in the Bleeker Street Savings Bank.

Mr. Bones said last night: "I think I was very fortunate in drawing this large prize, when I had all the ticket myself. The total amount of money expended by me in the Louisiana State Lottery is \$12. I shall not hesitate to invest in it again."

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood-vessels and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhœa, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, piles tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the *Invalids' Guide Book* (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR's law-partner, Mr. Randolph; Judge Hyer, of Rahway, N. J.; A. A. Drake, Esq., N. Y. Stock Exchange; Rev. Stephen Merritt, New York, and many others, are witnesses that PALMER'S "SKIN-SUCCESS" is a safe, sure and speedy Remedy for skin complaints of every name and degree of severity. 25c. and 75c. Druggists. PALMER & CO., N. Y.

DR. COLTON'S NITROUS OXIDE GAS.—Over 151,000 testimonials on our scroll as to the efficacy of the gas in the painless extraction of teeth. DR. L. M. SLOCUM is the operator, and has been such for the past 21 years. Office, 19 Cooper Institute, New York.

SICK and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by DR. PIGEON'S "PELLETS"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

WARNING!

How MANY people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot Summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their Summer beverages.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

***** DELICATE diseases of either sex radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for book. ADDRESS, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

BIRD MANNA will restore the song of cage birds and keep them in perfect health. Mailed on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is. It comes suddenly and without warning—is Dangerous and often fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

If any of your family are attacked PROMPT action only may save life. For 46 YEARS ONE medicine has ALWAYS cured CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS. CHILDREN can take it with perfect safety.

This medicine is Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

To be on the safe side get some NOW and have it on hand.

For sale by all Druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

GLENN'S Sulphur Soap. The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON) on each packet. Of druggists, 25c.: 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 Fulton St., New York.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL COMFORTING COCOA

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Prevented, Controlled and Cured by

Lactated Food

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS,

It may be used with confidence as a safe and complete substitute for mother's milk.

It is a Perfect Nutrient for INVALIDS.

The most NOURISHING and ECONOMICAL of Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

Easily prepared. Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE IVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c.

They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take.

Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'trs, New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR LADIES!

NO MORE WRINKLES.

NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING

DR. LENGYEL'S PASTA POMPADOUR.

It is the only preparation in the world WARRANTED to cure and eradicate all impurities of the skin, such as PIMPLES, SALT RHEUM, MOLES, FRECKLES, WORMS, SUN BURN, and gives the complexion a freshened and translucent appearance which cannot be obtained by the use of any other cream.

It removes WRINKLES and prevents their reappearance after removal, and Faded Complexions speedily resume their pristine freshness under its wonderful restorative influence. It is unequalled as a beautifier of the HANDS, refining the skin, and making it soft, clear and smooth. PASTA POMPADOUR is a powder, used to cover up and shield the impurities and defects of the skin, but a remedy that naturally heals and perfectly converts the same to enviable beauty. Sent on receipt of Price per box. Full directions accompany each box.

DR. LIO SOMMER & CO., 59 Bond St., New York.

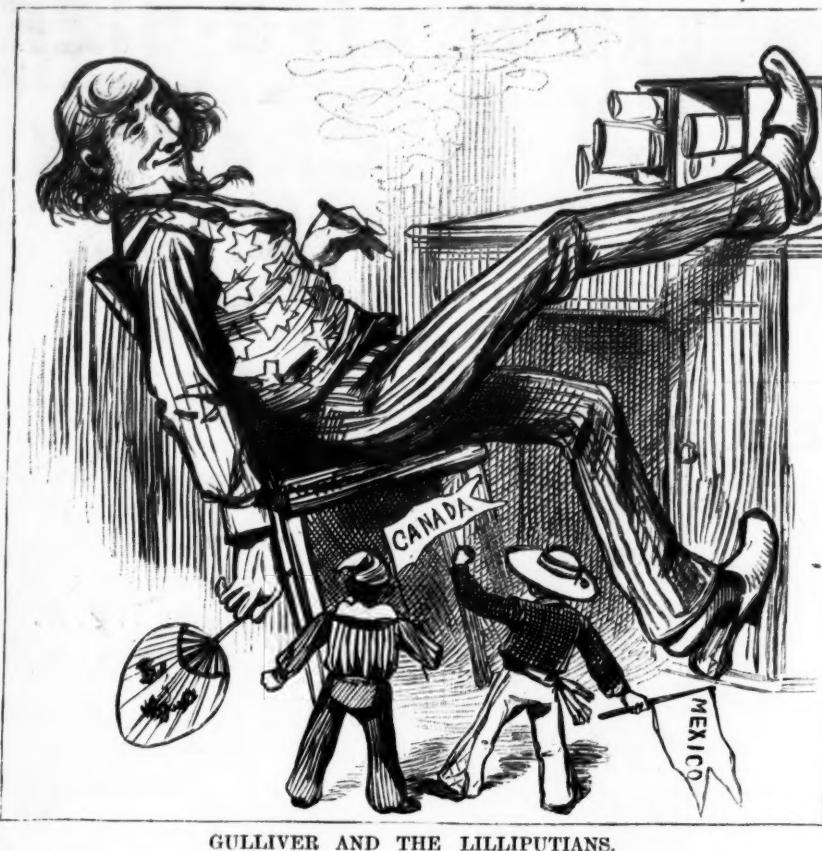
Testimonials from the highest aristocracy. Money refunded unhesitatingly if results not satisfactory.

West End Hotel LONG BRANCH

COTTAGES and RESTAURANT will open June 10th; the HOTEL, June 19th.

D. M. & W. E. HILDRETH, Proprietors. NEW YORK OFFICE, 52 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GUARANTEE BEARD



MR. PONSONBY DE TOMPKINS (*to his wife's pretty niece*) — "Can you tell me, Miss Kate, why your eyes are like tin pans polished with Sapolio?"
MISS KATE — "Why, no, Mr. de Tompkins—do tell us."
MR. DE T. — "Because they sparkle so."
MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMPKINS (*slightly*) — "Can you tell me, Ponsonby, why you are like wood-work newly scoured by Sapolio?"
MR. DE T. — "No, my dear."
MRS. DE T. — "Because you're so delightfully fresh." (*Utter and complete collapse of de Tompkins.*)
[Now, pray, don't pronounce this Pon-son-bee; it's "Punshy," you know!]

STAINED GLASS
Cover your Windows with PATENT GLACIER WINDOW DECORATION. Every disagreeable window rendered beautiful. Suitable for Houses, Churches, Libraries, etc. Inquire from general dealers, or write to head office, MC'CAW, STEVENSON & ORE, 32 Broadway, N. Y. HENRY H. ROSS, Agt. Book, 300 illustrations and sample, post free, 50c.

PHILHARMONIC VIOLIN STRINGS.
Grand Opera House. It gives me pleasure to say that your PHILHARMONIC STRINGS are of fine tone, and I shall recommend them. ALBERT ANDERSON, Musical Director. CHAS. H. PARSONS & CO., 292 Broadway, N.Y.

AMERICAN CYCLES
MANUFACTURED ALL Sizes & Prices
SEND STAMP FOR 48 PAGE CATALOGUE
to the largest Manufacturers in the United States
GORMULLY & JEFFERY,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

Every Man His Own Printer.
Type-setting, etc., easy, printed directions. For business, home use, or money-making. For old or young. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of Presses, Type, Paper, Cards, etc., to the factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.



A— CUT THIS OUT!

BLOOMINGDALE'S

3d Ave. and 56th St.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH
50c.

And will be accepted for that amount on all orders by mail for \$5 or over received during July or August. For GOODS and PRICES see our Catalogue, a book of nearly 200 pages, containing a complete list of everything needed for the HOUSE, HOUSEHOLD, or PERSONAL WEAR, in all the LATEST STYLES. Sent free on application.

Our approaching REMOVAL to our NEW BUILDING, cor. 59th St. and 3d Ave., necessitates a sacrifice of stock, and we desire our Out-of-Town Customers to participate in the great advantages we are offering.

BLOOMINGDALE BROS.,

3d Ave. and 56th St., New York City, N. Y.

—A

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of natural drums, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimony, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S Popular Monthly.

128 PAGES QUARTO
AND
100 ILLUSTRATIONS
IN EVERY NUMBER.

STORIES

By MRS. GEN. LEW WALLACE, CHRISTIAN REID, MRS. M. A. DENISON, ISABELLA V. CRAWFORD, PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON;

ARTICLES

By MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, MISS LILY HIGGIN, A. H. GUERNSEY, BRANDER MATTHEWS, W. P. STEPHENS, S. K. BOLTON, NUGENT ROBINSON, WALTER E. McCANN, HENRY R. DORE, C. F. HOLDER, LAURENCE HUTTON, O. W. RIGGS, OSCANYAN, etc.;

SERIAL STORIES

By ETTA W. PIERCE and other well-known Novelists.

The articles are all timely, full of interest and attractive, popular in treatment and illustration; the aim being to make an Illustrated Popular Monthly that every family in the land can heartily enjoy, and to furnish it at a price that all can afford.

Subscription price, \$3 yearly, which may be sent by P. O. Order or Express Orders. We have no Traveling Agents. Single copies to be had of all Newsdealers, price 25 cents.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Queen Titania's Book of Fairy Tales.

This favorite with the young embraces some of the brightest Fairy Stories written in our time, with many of those that children never tire of reading, when told, as here, interestingly. Price, in rich, illuminated cover, \$1.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
53-55-57 Park Place, New York City.

1784. BARBOUR'S FLAX THREADS.

USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE

IN Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet Work.

Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.

CASTORIA
Mother's Great Medicine for Children.

Physicians recommend Castoria. Mothers rely upon Castoria. Children cry for Castoria.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY J. H. Bonnell & Co. NY

Instructive, Entertaining and Edifying.

FRANK LESLIE'S Sunday Magazine

Edited by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Voice of the Press, without distinction of Creed or Church, pronounces this Monthly

ADMIRABLY ADAPTED FOR FAMILY READING,

And commends it to the Christian Public as

THE BEST MAGAZINE

Its contents are of the most varied and attractive character, furnishing just such reading as every family desires on Sunday and can enjoy during the week.

No other publication of the kind affords such an amount of reading-matter with such excellent illustrations.

"The magazine improves with each number." — *The Interior, Chicago.*

"We can command this magazine to the public." — *Richmond Daily Whig.*

Sold by all newsdealers. Single copy, 25 cents; \$2.50 a year, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10cts.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.